

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

WILL Sir George Grey remember at the proper time, that the enfranchised electors of Northumberland gave their votes to another man—to a party opponent—and that the unenfranchised workmen, by subscribing to his testimonial, to the number of 13,000, testified that they would have been his electors? It is usual for politicians of Sir George Grey's order to presume that there must be some kind of property qualification "to test the intelligence" of the voter; will he say that the property-tested voters of Northumberland showed the greater intelligence in electing his opponent? The election was disastrous for the property-intelligence principle. The qualified electors gave their votes, and in some cases took "a consideration." The unenfranchised gave their subscription, and however modest that might be, it showed, at all events, that instead of looking for profit, they were willing to make sacrifices. They thus "tested" not only their intelligence, but their sincerity. Will Sir George remember at the proper season, that if those men had possessed the franchise, instead of seating him at a banquet to celebrate his defeat, and giving him a piece of plate, they might have seated him in Parliament, and have given him the power to legislate, instead of his opponent.

Lord Grey said, that it was better to be defeated with his cousin than victorious with the corrupt parties who conquered at the last election. We do not think this is a very intelligent way of putting it. It is better to be virtuous, although in defeat, than vicious in victory. But there is a disgrace in placing virtue on the losing side, and that disgrace has been incurred by halting Liberals like Lord Grey, who have left the franchise with such men as the Tory majority of Northumberland, and have denied it to such men as those who subscribed for Sir George Grey's testimonial. It is a poor boast, that if the vote lies on one side, the virtue is on the other. When the Reform Bill comes before Parliament, Sir George Grey ought to be able to show some more solid reason than heretofore, if he should withhold his vote from any measure that would extend the franchise to every one of the men who subscribed to the testimonial. If he should only give his vote to a half-measure, it will be a poor return for the subscription to say to the still unenfranchised, "You must not have the vote, but you may keep your virtue and subscribe a testi-

monial to me next time I am defeated in Northumberland."

There is a great deal of rubbish talked about "servility," and it was very fairly rebuked at this Alnwick dinner. Farmers who voted on the Tory side were denounced as "subservient;" but one of their order—Mr. Donkin—rebuffed the charge with generosity and spirit. He cited the poll, and showed that farmers for the most part vote with their landlords, a species of allegiance not worse on the Tory than on the Liberal side. It is an arithmetical misfortune if the Tory landlords can bring to the poll more farmers than the Liberal landlords; but there is no peculiar virtue in coercing a farmer to Liberal principles, any more than there is in coercing him to Tory principles. Any statesman who is sincere in desiring independence for the farmers of any county, from Somersetshire to Northumberland, should make no delay in securing that arrangement which the farmers are now demanding—the Ballot. Even more emphatic on this head than Mr. Donkin's speech was a speech delivered with abundant energy, some time back, at a large meeting in Norwich, by a farmer noted for his terse and comprehensive eloquence. It consisted only of one sentence:—"Mr. Chairman—ladies and gentlemen—all I have got to say is,—Go for the Ballot." Perhaps the Ballot would have returned Sir George Grey at the last election for Northumberland, as assuredly a national suffrage would have returned him.

Another unseated member appears before the electors of Huddersfield, in the more hopeful position of a candidate. Lord Goderich—who, at Hull, became, by the vicious system of agency, complicated with practices which we know must have had his reprobation—stands for Huddersfield on purity principles. His speech is moderate, and of a kind that the most systematic Liberal—the word having now almost a Conservative meaning—would not shrink from adopting. But his knowledge of the interests of the great body of the people, the zeal he has shown on behalf of the working classes, and the frankness of his language and manner, will have great weight with the electors of Huddersfield, and will, we hope, announce his return in lieu of the unknown gentleman who is his opponent.

Southwark has been entertaining its popular member, Sir William Molesworth, at a public dinner, and so drawing from him a declaration of Ministerial policy important for its frankness and

thoroughgoing character. The Radical has not been softened into a Whig by elevation to the Ministry; but he is able to report to his constituents that his views are impressed upon the Ministry. He did not say so; but if the staunch Colonial policy which he reported has found a willing and able Minister in the Duke of Newcastle, Sir William was one of the stout advocates of the policy before it became fashionable. The hopes of the Reform Bill for next year are strengthened by the knowledge that Sir William is to have a hand in it.

A splendid banquet at the Mansion-house was the occasion for one of those formal exchanges of courtesy between the grandees of London City and the Ministers of State, which are not without their uses. Three points are very noticeable. Mr. Gladstone talked gloomily about the surplus, as he has done before, so that people are beginning to fear that if the Budget should be more sound than Mr. Disraeli's, it will not be so sunny. "The path of duty is the path of glory," said the Duke of Argyll, after Tennyson, scouting the peace doctrines that have been so perverted in the public mind. And Lord John Russell was absent, an omission in the personnel of the guests which has excited some curiosity to know the reason why.

Notwithstanding the generally pacific character of the banquet, it did not altogether supply that want of due authority with which the self-appointed Peace deputation went over to Paris, to carry the address of good-will to the Emperor of the French from a mob of obscure persons—headed by a knot of more or less responsible capitalists and jobbers—in London. The address has been advertised in the *Times* and other journals, and is made known to the public as such, after it has been presented. A more evasive course than that taken by its promoters has seldom been witnessed; and, in this country, the document would be consequently deprived of all authority, even were its presentation at the Tuileries not already protested against, in repentant letters to the *Times*, by indignant "others," as an impertinent subserviency which the crowd of signers who do not happen to be concerned in railway concessions, neither designed nor approved. It served, however, as a pretext for one of Louis Napoleon's plausible speeches.

It was followed by a far more useful and authentic deputation of the company about to establish a railway across the isthmus of Panama, to

which Louis Napoleon promises his countenance and support.

A grand ball at the Luxembourg, with the Legislative corps dancing in the Imperial presence, also contributed to the holiday displays of regal magnificence and favour in Paris. Louis Napoleon knows how authority is strengthened in France, and although he does not shine out of the saddle, he knows his place too well, not to take his stand occasionally in pumps. Monarchs have their liabilities as well as their privileges. George the Fourth, under pressure of paternal authority and pecuniary difficulties, married a wife whom few independent young men would have desired to appropriate; and the Emperor was fain to exhibit the quality of his dancing with Mademoiselle Billault.

But there is something behind the ball-room, though what we are not yet able to see. The Turkish affair, they tell us, on half official authority, is settled; but the rumours that we hear, cause us to distrust every such report. A Russian naval envoy is prowling about Athens, probably with Panslavonian projects to promote. Persia, it is rumoured, has broken with England, and is the avowed servant of Russia. In the meanwhile, the English and French ambassadors are rushing to their post at Constantinople, with the speed of an Australian steam-ship, calling at all manner of bye-places, by the way. The English people, which has so great interest at the East, is deprived of authentic information, as to the actual position of affairs; but that it understands the subject, in its main points, is shown by the public meeting in Newcastle, at which the popular Member, Mr. J. B. Blackett, presided. In fact, when statesmen can break away from the little circles that now surround them, and go to the great body of the people, they are usually surprised at the amount of plain intelligence which they find there. Would that they could apply the lesson, and learn to know the strength which statesmen with a purpose might derive, if they would appeal to the popular spirit!

The Overland Mail confirms the report, that the King of Ava is not dead, but defending himself, in a fortress, against a younger brother, who is for succumbing to the British, and who has the Burmese army with him. Unfortunately, the expedition against a robber chief, near Donabew, was more fatal than it was at first reported to be. It failed, and eighty-eight soldiers were killed and wounded,—among them, the gallant and lamented sailor, Captain Loch, who, having earned a glorious name, and full of promise, was shot in this obscure but desperate skirmish, among the swamps and jungle of the Irrawaddy.

On the other hand, General Cathcart has wound up the Kafir war, and talks of settling the Amatolas with military tenants. Macomo, who held the Waterkloof so long, Sandilli, who was neither to be captured by arms, nor allured by diplomacy into submission, Stock, Tola, Anta, and a host of lesser Gaika chiefs, have acknowledged themselves beaten, (for how long?) and have crossed the Kei, begging for peace. Krel, too, has sent in an ambassador, Umhala, and with him the Governor has concluded a treaty—the principal point of which is that the Kei is to be Krel's future frontier. General Cathcart's proposed occupation of the Amatolas, by military residents, in connexion with fortified posts, is a suspicious and altogether objectionable proceeding; and we do not believe that Government will sanction the Governor's scheme. If the Cape people are to have local self-government, this provision for another Kafir war, to be fought out not by the colonists, but by British troops, would be an awkward present to the new Cape Ministry.

Hey Presto! The King of Mosquitia again. If the telegraph from New Orleans is to be trusted, the British war-steamer, *Devastation*, has been taking Truxillo and Limas from the Hondurans, on behalf of Lord Grey's pet creation, the copper King of Mosquitia. The report runs that

the Limas people fought for their town. If this be true, General Pierce will have some dainty work on hand.

Scotland has the honour of setting our timid judges an example, in the matter of placing railway responsibility on the right shoulders. Culpable neglect of the officials, at the Portobello station, on the North-British Railway, caused an accident, resulting in the death of a guard. The servants were properly indicted. The defence set up was, virtually, that it couldn't be helped! But, neither the jury nor the Lord Justice Clerk, acquiesced in that peculiarly official view of all railway accidents. The jury found the station-master guilty of culpable neglect and homicide, and another servant guilty of the same offences; and the judge sentenced the former to an exemplary punishment. But, more, he gravely censured the system of management, saying, that, on another occasion, not guards and station-master should stand at the bar, but—*managers and directors*. This is as it should be. We observe, also, that an English jury has given Miss Barlow, a governess, crippled for life, in an accident at Bootle-lane station, and thrown out of employment, 375*l.* damages against the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company.

The continual rise of wages is becoming quite a "feature" of the news. In Banbury, the labouring men are standing out for the 9*s.* a-week obtained by many of the labourers in the neighbourhood. In Norwich the shoemakers are pressing for an advance. The carpenters are doing so in various places; the sawyers at Portsmouth; the railway porters and clerks at Liverpool. It is the same at Manchester, though they show a disposition to be more readily talked over into a compromise; and we learn that the employes of the Great Western Railway are threatening a strike. The men on the several districts of the line have sent in a memorial to the Board of Directors praying for a rise of wages. Many of the porters are only getting from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* a-week; but the memorial is also signed by the policemen and switchmen. The result is not yet announced.

The new plan for manning the navy, made public this morning, is one of the most cheering events of the year. It is thoroughly sound in its character, promising to render the service attractive to seamen, and to remove many of the anomalous rules that now enfeeble it. Beyond that inherent merit, it has another: scarcely is a sound plan recommended by the Commissioners, ere it is adopted by Sir James Graham, without vacillation or delay.

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

EVERY year the potentate who reigns eastward of Temple-bar, the lord of the Thames, and the monarch of the coal-tax, entertains her Majesty's Ministers on Easter Monday. Tables are decked out in the Egyptian Hall of the civic palace, and covered with a profuse and delicate collection of those things the palate most craveth after, and the Lord Mayor, in all his glory, dispenses hospitality. Last Monday was no exception. Ministers were entertained almost regally. Strangely enough the city member was not present; but among the notabilities were the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Granville, Sir James Graham, Lady Graham, the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, M.P., and Mrs. Cardwell, Marquis of Breadalbane, Prince of Saxe-Weimar, Lord and Lady A. Hervey, Lord Ingestre, Lord and Lady Wodehouse, Lord Blantyre, Earl and Countess Airlie, Bishop of Hereford, Mr. and Mrs. Bernal Osborne, Hon. C. Pelham Villiers, M.P., the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Vice-Chancellor Wood, and all the rank and file of those most celebrated in the Court of Aldermen and in the city generally.

Dinner being over, the toasting began, of course, with the Queen, Prince Albert, and what pertains to royalty. Then the Bishop of Hereford, and then the "Army and Navy." Reversing the order of the toast, Sir James Graham responded for the latter. He praised the navy—protector of our commerce and guardian of our liberties—winding up with that original quotation, "The flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Lord Ingestre said a few words on behalf

of the army, and the Lord Aberdeen on behalf of the Ministers. He did not say much in substance or in extent. No Ministry was ever more interested in the welfare and prosperity of the city. The nation was prosperous; he would not assign a cause, but we should do well to recollect that "a good Providence has blessed the efforts of man." He will do his best to maintain prosperity, protect and extend commerce, and preserve peace.

Lord Granville acknowledged the "House of Lords," and defended them.

Some few years since hostile feelings were shown at public meetings and in pamphlets, with titles such as—"The Peers or the People?" "What will the Lords do?" and others putting a question still more ominous, "What shall be done with the Lords?" (Laughter.) He believed that the feeling was now entirely changed, in proof of which he might cite the tone of the daily papers, and for a defence of the House of Peers he need not go farther than the admirable speech made recently by Lord Derby at Liverpool. Lord Derby had there admitted that he could not vouch for every individual peer being a perfect model of a legislator, and one of Lord Granville's own colleagues had more recently made nearly a similar admission, when he said that every peer who wrote letters to the newspapers was not to be deemed "infallible." But they deserved well of their country, and desired to promote the good of the nation.

The Duke of Argyll proposed the "Health of the Lord Mayor."

The present was to the Duke what it was not, perhaps, to many present,—the first occasion on which he had partaken of the splendid hospitality of those ancient halls; and it was impossible for him so to partake of that hospitality on that first occasion, without having great recollections brought to his mind—great recollections of the past, and still greater hopes for the future. He recalled those periods of our history when the liberties of the English people were founded on their municipal institutions; and as regarded the future, he cherished the hope that the progress of commerce over the globe would contribute to the formation of a new era in the history of human affairs. He was not one of those who believed that the time had yet arrived when we might hang the bugle up in the hall, or when we should be so safe from the storm of human passions, as that we might turn our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks, but he believed that the extension of commerce over the globe by this people, and by that other great people which had sprung from the loins of England, would finally lead to the great diminution, if not to the extinction of those wars which periodically desolate the world. It was not, however, to commerce as the pursuit of a mere selfish interest he looked for such a result. It was to the character of our merchants he looked, as setting an example to the rest of the world. They had before them great and noble examples of the development of the English character. They had, for instance, that great man, who, having commanded the armies of England in wars, had with equal success guided her senate in peace, and, at the end of a long and glorious life, had been laid beneath the cathedral of that great city. Our poet-laureate had said,

Not once or twice in our rude island's story,
The path of duty was the path to glory.

And although the most common path of glory may be war, it was not less true that glory might be achieved in peace, and of that sort of glory there was no brighter development than in the character of British merchants. That was a character which the people of this country revered; and he proposed the health of the Lord Mayor, because his lordship concentrated in his own person so many of the qualities which rendered the British merchant famous all over the world. (Cheers.)

Briefly returning thanks, the Lord Mayor proposed the Chancellor of the Exchequer—wishing him well out of his difficulties. Mr. Gladstone made a pleasant speech in reply, thinking himself deserving some commiseration, applauding the system which led the public to look narrowly after the national finance, and expressing his reliance on matured public opinion in the discharge of his duties.

Several other toasts were proposed, and the dinner-party adjourned to the ball-room.

DINNER TO SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

TRUE to their "Radical Cabinet Minister," the constituency of Southwark took advantage of the Easter Recess, and gave a banquet in his honour on Thursday. Dr. Chalice presided. About 250 gentlemen sat down to dinner, among whom were Sir W. Molesworth, Bart., M.P., the Attorney-General, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, M.P., Mr. Moffatt, M.P., Mr. Oliveira, M.P., and Mr. W. Pritchard (high bailiff of Southwark).

After the usual toasts the chairman gave the health of Sir William, "who was not only a cabinet minister, but a radical cabinet minister." (Great enthusiasm.)

Sir William responded with his usual fulness and neatness both of subject and diction. After describing the proceedings of Parliament before Christmas, he came to the work of the new Ministry. First, the Clergy Reserves Bill.

"Two years ago the Legislature of that great colony, which contains nearly 2,000,000 of inhabitants, addressed the Crown to submit to Parliament a bill similar to that now before the House of Commons. The Government of my noble friend Lord John Russell promised to do so, and were about to do so when they quitted office. The late Government, partly animated by old and not very friendly

feelings towards Canada, determined to set at nought the wishes of the Canadian Legislature, and refused to fulfil the promises of their predecessors. It was the first duty of the present Government—and an agreeable one it was—to redeem those pledges, and to apply to Canada the great, the true, and all-important rule of colonial policy—namely, that all questions which affect exclusively the local interests of a colony possessing representative institutions shall be dealt with by the local legislature. (Hear, hear.) That rule should, in my opinion, form the basis of our system of colonial government. The strict adherence to it would, more than anything else, tend to strengthen and consolidate our vast colonial empire, which now contains every climate of the earth—which is capable of producing every commodity that is useful or agreeable, or beneficial to man—which is in the act of being rapidly peopled by myriads of our race, speaking our language, with wants, feelings, and tastes similar to our own—eager to exchange the produce of their new homes for the creations of our unrivalled skill and manufacturing industry—willing to carry on with us an immense and increasing, and a mutually beneficial commerce, but, like true Englishmen, desiring to have the management of their local affairs, and to possess Anglo-Saxon institutions. (Cheers.) With such institutions the colonists would long continue to be loyal and devoted subjects of the British Crown. Therefore, to give them such institutions should be the great object of the colonial policy of this country, and is the great object of the colonial policy of her Majesty's present Ministers, and especially of my noble friend the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who is a sincere, anxious, and determined colonial reformer. (Hear, hear.) One of the first official acts of my noble friend was to frame, with the cordial approbation of his colleagues, a constitution for the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. A constitution ought to have been given to that colony at least eight years ago; but Lord Derby, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, refused to comply with the wishes and entreaties of the Governor of the Cape. And when Lord Derby's late Government came into power, they raised every obstacle, and discovered every difficulty in the way of granting free institutions to South Africa. (Hear.) But my noble friend's energy soon removed every one of those obstacles, and an order in council has lately been sent to the Cape conferring a most liberal constitution upon that colony, from which I anticipate the happiest consequences." (Cheers.)

In succession he then noticed the abolition of transportation to Australia, and the Jew Bill. He then came to the third subject of legislation.

After careful consideration, the Government came to the conclusion that it was not necessary to increase the amount of our military or naval forces, or to add to the number of our soldiers or sailors; for we do not wish to assail any country, or to interfere in any way with its internal affairs. We desire to be on friendly terms with the established Government (whatever it may be) of every European nation; but at the same time the Government felt it to be their duty to render this country unassailable, by improving our defences—a necessary but costly work. (Hear, hear.) The conduct of the Government in this matter has received the most decided mark of the approbation of the House of Commons, for the army, navy, and ordnance estimates have passed without opposition, and almost without discussion. In mentioning our foreign relations, I cannot help referring to some unhappy and lamentable events which have lately occurred abroad—I mean the deplorable insurrection at Milan, and the execrable attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Austria. Those events have been attributed by writers in foreign newspapers to the intrigues and machinations of political refugees in this country; and it has been said that the Government of this country ought to expel those refugees. But the Government has no power to do anything of the kind; they have no intention to ask Parliament to give them any such power; they have no wish to possess or to exercise such a power. (Hear, hear.) For this country has been, and I hope will long continue to be, an asylum for men of every political faith. It has afforded shelter by turns to every vanquished party, and even to our bitterest foes. It has given equal security to the friends of liberty and to the friends of despotism—to the Bourbon and the Red Republican—to the Orleansist and to the Socialist—to Metternich, Kosuth, and Mazzini—to Joinville, Louis Blanc, and Ledru Rollin. (Cheers.) But I must express the same opinion as my noble friend Lord Palmerston did, in reply to a question which was put to him in the House of Commons, that foreign refugees, in accepting the hospitality of this country, are bound by every principle of honour to abstain from entering into intrigues, and from attempting to disturb the tranquillity of other countries, and that if they do not so abstain, they deserve the severest censure and condemnation. (Hear, hear.)

The corruption of the last general election was his next topic.

The investigation before the committees had disclosed hideous scenes of bribery, corruption, intimidation, undue and disgraceful influence of every kind, and, in description—exercised, in some instances, by persons too closely connected with the late Government of this country.

How to put a stop to these lamentable—these loathsome evils—is a problem not of the easiest solution; but a stop must be put to them, for their unchecked continuance would bring discredit upon representative government, and endanger the institutions of this country—(Hear, hear); and if those institutions ever perish, they will die, not from external causes, but from the cancer of corruption consuming the vitals of our electoral system. (Cheers.) A remedy must be found and applied, and a potent one it must be—a new reform bill, the disfranchisement of the corrupt constituencies, and, in my opinion,

the ballot, are wanted. (Cheers.) But until the election committees have all reported, and the commissions appointed to inquire into the corrupt constituencies have concluded their investigations, and those investigations have been carefully considered, it seems to be the general opinion that it would not be expedient for the Government to bring in a new reform bill, and that it had better, therefore, be left till next session, especially as there are several other important questions which must occupy the attention of Parliament during the greater portion of the remainder of this session. (Hear, hear.) Those questions are the education of the people, the budget, and the government of India. My noble friend, Lord John Russell, will on Monday next bring the question of the education of the people under the consideration of the House of Commons, and state the intentions of the Government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will, as soon as he can, bring on the budget, and state his views on the income-tax. And the question of the future government of India must be raised this session, as the charter of the East India Company will expire at the beginning of next year. (Hear, hear, hear.) Until the Government shall have announced to Parliament their intentions on those subjects, it would, you know, be indiscreet, and contrary to all the rules of etiquette, for me to discuss them."

Sir William sat down amid loud cheers. The other speakers were Sir Alexander Cockburn, Mr. Bevington, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, M.P., Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Pritchard.

THE GREYS ARE A-COMING!

"All the talents" are not in the Cabinet. A demonstration at Alnwick, on Tuesday, collected four omitted Whigs, once Cabinet Ministers, with a small band of minor Parliamentary men. The object of the meeting was to celebrate a defeat in a generous and cheerful way, by the presentation of the usual "piece of plate" to Sir George Grey, rejected by the county at the last election, and by a pleasant dinner-party of one thousand persons, assembled in a large tent, specially erected in the market-place. (The piece of plate, worth 400 guineas, was contributed chiefly by 13,000 working men.) The arms of "the Grey family" were emblazoned in front of the chair, and there were present of the clan, Sir George Grey, Earl Grey, Rev. F. R. Grey, Rev. John Grey, Captain the Hon. H. C. Grey, Mr. J. Grey, Mr. G. H. Grey, and Mr. C. A. Grey. Persons present not of the family were, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Panmure, Mr. J. B. Blackett, M.P., Mr. Ingham, M.P., and the Mayor of Newcastle. This gathering of ex-officials was signalized at the outset by a proceeding equally out of place. The Chairman, Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, commenced his duties by a neat and inappropriate address against intemperance in general, and in particular against "toast-drinking, as a relic of barbarism." He could not "in conscience," he said, "call upon them to fill their glasses." Whether the Northumbrians filled them without an *ex cathedra* command, is not recorded; some hisses, however, followed the oration, but the chairman having been restored to order, the business of the day proceeded.

The presentation of the testimonial—a candelabra and salver with industrial devices—was the chief incident. Mr. Young, "of the Remington Iron Works," made a speech to Sir George Grey, asserting that the Liberal party were not dispirited or disheartened, and that at the next election they would win the day. Sir George Grey returned thanks. After the expected expression of his gratitude and "unworthiness," Sir George went over the old points and the recent history of the Free-trade controversy, confessing, however, that he "fell short" of other members of the House of Commons in "not having recorded his name among those who set the crowning act to the policy of Free-trade," but triumphantly excusing this seeming *laches* by pointing out that "not having had a seat in the House of Commons, of course he could not have joined in the act." On points of present public interest, the remarks of the ex-minister were meagre. Referring to the subscribers to the testimonial—mostly non-electors—he said:—"I have been fortunate enough to obtain what I consider the highest prize of political life—the warm, the generous, the sincere regard, the good wishes, and attachment of that large, important, and industrious class of my fellow-countrymen who possess, as yet, no direct voice in the choice of Members of Parliament." Afterwards, he referred emphatically and more than once, to the "many advantages which the people possess under our representative institutions," and "pronounced" on electoral reform in the following balanced sentence:—

"As some allusion has been made by Mr. Young to what I said on a former occasion with regard to the extension of the suffrage, I cannot—retaining and recollecting the sentiments which Mr. Young quoted, and being prepared to concur in a wide diffusion of political rights and privileges in proportion to the growing knowledge and intelligence of the people—(loud cheers)—I cannot refrain from saying that I am not one of those who would depreciate our existing House of Commons, or say that it imperfectly represents the feelings and wishes of the people; I think that all facts and experience tend to a directly contrary result." He added, "Defects there are, no doubt,

in our representative system, which I trust will speedily be dealt with in a bold and firm and strictly constitutional spirit." On the question of education, he mixed in one sentence a claim for the credit of past legislation, and a parenthetical promise of future promotion, saying:—"I need not advert to the attention which has been bestowed, and which will yet be bestowed by the House of Commons on the education of the people,—an education not only in the mechanical arts of reading and writing, but an education fitting men for the performance of their moral and social duties, and for those higher aspirations which affect the destinies of their immortal souls."

Earl Grey is "Lord Lieutenant of the County;" as such his health was next proposed. He spoke briefly, referred, of course, to Free-trade and to something else, as follows:—

"It is quite true that that territorial influence to which allusion has been made, added to a delusive cry, have succeeded—so far as the mere return of members of Parliament is concerned—as they succeeded in 1807 and in 1841. But have these electoral defeats been attended with real political defeats or not? (No—no.) On the contrary, although we may have lost the election, our principles have most signally triumphed. (Cheers.) In 1807, the cry was danger to the Church, and a bigoted cry against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. But who is there now who would take up the cry which at that time had so much power? (Cheers.) I believe it would be almost as easy to find a living representative of some of those extraordinary monsters of which we see the fossil remains in our museums, as to find a living maintainer of the high Protestant and bigoted feeling of 1807. (Cheers and laughter.) I believe there is no man to be found who will not admit that it is greatly to be lamented for the public interest that by the short-sighted bigotry of those days the healing measure of 1829 was deferred until it had lost so many of its advantages."

The Earl of Carlisle, whose happy spirit not even the cold weather nor personal ill-health could depress, was the next speaker. Excusing the brevity of his remarks, he said:—

"The fact is, that I am now labouring under a somewhat heavy indisposition, and I happen to have rather a busy week before me, so that I ought rather to be by a quiet fireside, not, I can assure our worthy chairman, with any inebriating posset before me—(loud laughter)—but with what I should quite agree with him in considering a more healthful thing, than in thus standing in the middle of the market-place at Alnwick, at a time, too, when the unmelted snows still cap the Cheviots. With respect to Sir George Grey, I feel that words will not be wanted from me, for if the feelings entertained towards him are such as have brought us together, and now throb and glow in the breasts of this vast assembly—an assembly comprising so much of the lineage, the industry, the enterprise, and the worth of our stout and hardy Northumbrians. (Loud cheers.) I need not express the sentiments that are entertained towards him by an old friend, and an old colleague. In common with my friend Sir George Grey, I have known what it is to be united to such a body of men in the hour of victory. I know what it is to be sustained by their sympathy in the day of defeat. (Cheers.) And it is with such a body of men that I conceive I now come to join in honouring private worth and in rewarding public virtue. These are the motives which have brought me to-day to Alnwick, and I could not express them more distinctly, even if I talked away the whole of the little breath which is now left me. (Loud cheers.)"

Introduced with the recommendation of being "better known to them as Mr. Fox Maule," Lord Panmure expressed a very natural delight (shared by so many of his countrymen) that the old feeling between the Northumbrian and the Scot had passed away, and that "when a Scotchman crosses the border he is received now, not as formerly with a shout of defiance, but with a shout of welcome." Referring, in warm words, "to the splendid achievement of the Reform Bill" (the past, not the future), and characterising the meeting as "the most orderly and most respectable he ever saw," he hinted a wish for another invitation. "I thank you cordially for your favours, and I hope that, though this is the first time I have met a Northumbrian audience, or enjoyed Northumbrian hospitality, that you will again invite the Blue Bonnet over the border; and believe me, I say it in all sincerity, the Blue Bonnet will be right glad to come." "Enthusiastic cheering" announced that the Northumbrians were fully persuaded of the fact.

The best speech of the evening, direct and apposite, was that spoken by a farmer, Mr. Samuel Donkin, speaking as an "Independent" elector of North Northumberland:—

He would not, as a farmer, upbraid those of his own class who voted against Sir G. Grey at the last election for being more servile and dependent than others who voted on the other side. That many votes recorded against the right hon. baronet would, under other circumstances, have been given in his favour, was beyond dispute; and it was humiliating to witness, in times of high political excitement, such obsequiousness in the electoral body to the will of others. Such a lack of moral courage in the expression of opinion, invited upon itself that intimidation which party ambition in the accomplishment of its object was ever so ready to exercise; and looking to the complexion of the poll-book, and contrasting it with the known political opinions of the landlords of the county, it would be found that the farmers upon the different estates voted almost to a man with their landlords. (Hear, hear.) A few exceptions there certainly were of men who, having a due sense of the dignity of man's nature, earned for them-

selves the name of independent electors, but their number was small—smaller than the number of righteous men who could have averted the doom of a city of old. (Cheers and laughter.) The fact of a tenant farmer voting in opposition to his landlord was viewed as an act of Spartan virtue, as a bold but very imprudent act, as an act of self-immolation upon the altar of principle. Feudalism still claimed the Chandos voters as its own, and would not willingly relinquish its grasp of its vassal (hear, hear, hear); but there was that not far distant which would strengthen and protect the weak-hearted against territorial intimidation—the democracy of intellect would prove a match for the aristocracy of wealth. (Cheers.) The pollutions of the last general election were being exposed in all their offensive putrescence. He contended that a remedy must be devised for the rotten state of the electoral body—that a strong infusion of the popular element must be introduced into the House of Commons—that the elector must be protected in the exercise of his right—that the polling booth should become as sacred as the jury box, and that the corruptor of a constituency ought to be branded as a felon. Mr. Robertson had gallantly called upon the electors to choose Sir George Grey for North Northumberland at the next election, but so long as the same weapons remained in the hands of territorial power, which caused the last defeat, they must not be too confident of victory. (Hear, hear.) He called upon those members of the Legislature present to legislate for the love, and not through a fear, of the people. Lord Derby would have waged war with democracy, though his followers courted its uplifted hands at the hustings. The democracy of England was a Conservative democracy—loyal to the throne, and warmly attached to the fundamental principles of the constitution. The present was a magnificent spectacle of its creation, and here in this temple of liberty, democracy offered up its homage to the patriot statesman—the popular representative—the man of its choice—longing for the day when, by the potency of its voice, Sir G. Grey will again be returned to Parliament for North Northumberland. (Loud cheers.)

Several local toasts were given, and thus closed the latest, possibly the last, Free-trade banquet. What did the dual Smithsons, of Alnwick Castle, think of these rebellious yeomen and peasants shouting hostility beneath the feudal fortress of the Percys?

GODERICH FOR HUDDERSFIELD.

It appears that there will be two liberal candidates for Huddersfield—one, Mr. Starkey, a local manufacturer; the other, Lord Goderich, in whose favour Mr. Willans has retired. On Wednesday Mr. Willans introduced Lord Goderich to a meeting of electors at the Philosophical Hall; and the future candidate delivered a very frank and able speech. Having vindicated himself from the charge of bribery at Hull, he continued—

If I had been willing to profess principles which are regarded as more in consonance with the position which I hold, and which Mr. Willans has told you is my misfortune and my fault—(laughter and cheers)—if I had the misfortune not only to be “a live lord,” but to act as many live lords have acted—and which I believe they will yet repent of—if I had so acted, I might have obtained a seat in Parliament with no trouble, no expense, and no inconvenience. (Loud applause.) But I only sought a seat there to advocate those principles which in my heart I believe to be true; and therefore I at once appealed to large constituencies as an independent candidate. (Hear, hear.) These principles are those of enlightened and steady progress; of reform, rapid but not hasty—never ceasing, but not violent—of reform, which is the great and only safeguard against revolution—of that reform which is, in fact, the truest conservatism, and which has never, so far as I have yet learned, been the ruin of empires, while the opposite policy has been so constantly. (Loud applause.) I will not detain you upon that great question which now we may look upon as settled for ever—the question of free trade. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I voted for the motion of my friend the Hon. Charles Villiers in the House of Commons; at least I did not vote first for that motion and afterwards against it, as some who call themselves free-traders felt themselves justified in doing; because I thought the policy of 1846, the policy of the repeal of the corn laws, was “wise, just, and beneficial”—(loud applause)—because I believed that this crowning act of the life of the late Sir Robert Peel would remove from the mind of posterity the recollection of any portion of his public career which might be thought of a less wise character, and would hand down his name—in spite of the repeated insults of the Protectionist party—as one of the best and most illustrious statesmen of modern times. (Hear, hear, and applause.) One of the causes which led me most to rejoice at the final settlement of the free-trade policy was, that it would open the way to the consideration of another question in which I feel personally the deepest interest—that which I believe concerns the interest of our country—I mean the question of Parliamentary Reform. (Hear, and loud applause.) It is the intention of the present Government—and a pledge to that effect has been given by them—in the course of the next session of Parliament to introduce a measure for Parliamentary Reform. To that measure, if it be consonant with the principles which I hold upon the subject, I shall be most anxious and desirous to give my support. (Hear, hear, and applause.) My principles upon that matter go what it is the fashion to consider and describe as “very far”—(cheers)—and it is hardly possible that we shall get in the present Parliament a measure as large and comprehensive as I could desire to see. (Applause.) The only principle upon which I would rest the representation is, that we should extend it to the utmost possible point; and I shall be willing to advance in that direction by all the means which the circumstances of the country will allow. (Applause.) I have no sympathy with the principle of finality. (Hear, hear.) I am not afraid of my country-

men. (Applause.) I cannot believe that this dense meeting is composed of men any one of whom is unfit for the suffrage. (Hear, hear, hear.) Therefore you will find my opinions upon that point accord with the opinions I have ever understood the men of Huddersfield to hold. You will, I believe, find my opinions satisfactory upon that point. (Hear, hear, and applause.) But if you extend the suffrage ever so far, you would not produce a good House of Commons, if you did not alter the present distribution of the electoral districts. (Applause.) The present distribution is fundamentally vicious. It is founded upon no principle, except that of attempting to silence the voice of the people, and therefore I shall advocate a vast and most comprehensive alteration in this respect. (Applause.) I am now in a town, a large and important town, filled with men, intelligent, industrious, frugal, and sober—with men having every claim to a share in the councils of their country, and yet I find that you are of less importance in the House of Commons than each of fifty small boroughs of no worth or importance at all in the country. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Gentlemen, having got rid of these two points, I come to another, which I consider most needful to enable the people of this country properly to exercise the suffrage. My experience up and down the country—in the contest in which I have gone through in a borough, and in contests which I have witnessed in counties—has long since led me to a decided opinion that we should find a most important, a wise, and a safe remedy for the many and great evils of intimidation, corruption, and violence, in resorting to the mode adopted in some countries, of taking the votes by ballot. (Great cheering.) It so happens, gentlemen, that with regard to my opinions on the ballot I can tell you a little story. I wrote an address to my late constituents of Hull. I sent that address down to some of my friends, and put my advocacy of the ballot forward among the prominent portions of that address. (Hear, hear.) There were amongst my friends there some timid gentlemen of the old Whig school, who thought the ballot a very horrid thing, and objected to its retention in the address. I believe they struck it out; at least, I believe the address was printed without it. But at the very first meeting I addressed I took the opportunity of supplying the omission—if it were one—and said frankly to them—“Gentlemen, you must take me as a ballot man, or you must not take me at all.” (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I am going to tread upon somewhat delicate ground. I am going to speak of matters that are more or less bound up with men's most sacred and most solemn feelings; and when I have to address people on questions connected directly or indirectly with religious subjects, I have always been most desirous to do so in that spirit of calmness, of dignity, and of fairness, which I think alone becomes those discussions. It is my belief that no institution, and least of all an institution founded on and connected with the Christian religion is likely to prosper if supported by any means inconsistent with the most perfect justice and the most entire truth. (Loud applause.) I believe to that institution, of all others, artificial props of unjust appliances are most utterly destructive, and therefore I should be the last man to support anything which seemed to me to be of that nature. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I will briefly state the principle by which my Parliamentary conduct in this respect has hitherto been guided, and by which I have also been guided in those discussions upon those topics in which I have been otherwise publicly engaged, and by which I will be guided in the future, whether in or out of Parliament. I shall object to any further endowment by the State of any religious bodies whatever. (Applause.) When I look at the religious condition of this country, and see the manner in which it is divided in opinion, I believe that such a course would be unwise, unjust, and destructive. (Cheers.) I am also opposed, not merely to any further State endowment, but to all grants out of the public revenue for religious and ecclesiastical purposes. (Cheers.) And as a proof that I am so, I voted for the motion in the House of Commons brought forward by my friend—as I am sure he would allow me to call him—Mr. Scholefield, the member for Birmingham, for the abolition of all such grants. (Applause.) I believe that the taxes which are now levied on the people of all religious opinions under the name and title of church-rates, and other similar taxes, are not for the support, but rather for the destruction—not for the advantage, but rather for the serious disadvantage, of the Church to which I belong—(loud cheers); and I believe, whether for her advantage or for her disadvantage, they are unjust and unwise. (Cheers.) I shall, therefore, always vote for and support their total and entire abolition. (Much cheering.) Gentlemen, I now propose, as a further exemplification of my principles, to recal to your mind one circumstance which took place the other night in the House of Commons, in which, after having brought in a very wise bill on the subject of the Clergy Reserves in Canada, Lord John Russell, for whom I wish to profess great respect, and whose personal and parliamentary conduct has ever been such as to entitle him to the honour and respect of his country—(applause)—but for whom I am not prepared to profess an intention of blindly following—(loud cheers)—because I will not, and I dare not, tie myself to any minister or party. (Cheers.) I shall go to the House of Commons the advocate of the cause of the people, and by that motive alone I will be governed. (Loud cheers.) I say, gentlemen, that Lord John Russell, as the leader of the House of Commons, proposed to make an alteration in the bill which he had himself brought in, by which he would have saddled that colony with the payment of a certain annual sum of money, not actually a larger amount, but that matters nothing to the principle involved in it—(cheers)—a sum of 10,000*l.* a year for supporting the Church Establishment in Canada. Gentlemen, had I been in the House of Commons upon that occasion I should have divided with those gentlemen who opposed that alteration. (Applause.) I should have done so on the principle which I have stated to you already. I should have done so too on the

still further principle, on which perhaps I may take the liberty now of telling you my opinion, that the colonies ought to be left as far as possible to govern, defend, and manage themselves. (Applause.) Gentlemen, one portion of the duty of the House of Commons, and one which perhaps is in some respects peculiarly its own, is to vote away the taxes and to decide the amount of the public expenditure; and when I look at the condition of this country—when I see we have saddled it, for purposes it is not now for me to criticise—that we have saddled it with an amount of debt which is equal to 800,000,000*l.*—I confess I do feel, although I have no desire to be niggardly, nor any desire to act in a too parsimonious spirit—yet I do feel that it is the bounden duty of the House of Commons most closely to watch that expenditure, and reduce it to the utmost possible amount; but still further, when I see that the proportion of that expenditure which is spent for civil purposes and for the general benefit of the community, is so trivially small when compared with what is spent for military and naval establishments, I am desirous of advocating the utmost reduction in those establishments which can be made with safety to our country, and with security to our independence. (Loud cheers.) And now, gentlemen, before I sit down, I will briefly advert to a topic on which I confess I feel a very deep interest. To that class of measures which come occasionally before the houses of Parliament, and which are conceived for the purpose of benefiting the great masses of the people, and especially the working classes, I have always taken an interest in all matters concerning their welfare and improvement; I have always evinced the greatest interest—(cheers)—and I shall always be desirous to promote to the utmost, in the soundest manner, and in the manner most consistent with the consolidating and binding together all classes of men, that may be consistent with the perfect maintenance of religious freedom, and the freedom of our countrymen—those measures for their education and improvement which it may be within the power of Parliament to carry out. (Hear, and loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I have learnt, and it is true, that it is not very greatly in the power of legislation to benefit large masses of men. (Hear, hear.) I believe it is much more in the power of legislation to injure them. (Applause.) I believe that most of the present condition of this country, and much of the past worst condition of this country in former times, has been the result far more of over-legislation than of mis-legislation; but still I am far from putting myself up in narrow limits. I am far from saying it is not in the power of Parliament, and I am still further from saying it is not the bounden duty of the legislature, to do all they can for promoting the elevation, the well-being, happiness, and independence of all classes of the people, and to raise by every means in their power all those classes that are now most depressed in the social scale, until the day shall come when all shall be united together in one great and true bond, and when, if you will allow me to use the word, we shall be one great and united democracy—(hear)—and shall have merged all class distinctions in a large feeling of union as Englishmen and as brother men, so that we may be able to go on in an uninterrupted stream of progress, founded upon those sacred principles of truth and justice which are inculcated by our common religion. (Loud and protracted cheers.)

Such are the main portions of this capital speech. A resolution approving of the new candidate was carried with only four dissentients, amid the greatest applause.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER LXVI.

Paris, Thursday, March 31, 1882.

THE *Egyptus*, bringing letters from Constantinople, arrived at La Cistat on Monday morning, three days overdue. A telegraphic despatch was immediately forwarded to Paris, giving the most important news: but the French Government kept the news to itself, and allowed nothing to transpire. It is only to-day (Thursday) that private letters have been distributed. I have had access to three important communications from three different merchants. Two of these contain a revelation which explains all the contradictory statements that have been current hitherto. Both affirm that Prince Menschikoff will present the series of propositions he is charged to deliver, and which compose his *ultimatum*, not at once, but *one by one*. The first “proposition” is that about the “Holy Places.” Turkey has completely acceded to the demands on this point. The Russian Emperor contents himself with demanding the continuation of the exclusive privilege which had already been conceded to him: but as Turkey, betrayed by intimidation on one side, and desertion on the other, into a double-faced and vacillating policy, had recently accorded the same exclusive privilege to France, Russia insists on the latter Power being definitively excluded. Consequently, the whole weight of this first proposition falls upon our Government. You will remark with me how skillfully selected was this first demand: it converts a European question into a mere personal affair between Russia and France: whereas all the other Governments may well say, as the English Government has said, that “they are not at all interested in the question.” In another point of view, this direct attack upon France is to compel Bonaparte to declare himself, his policy, and his purposes. It is a very adroit *coup* to reduce him to a false position. For if he wavers or recedes, it is a sorry precedent: if, on the other hand, he accepts the challenge, Russia may

have hopes of the neutrality of the other Powers. Thus far the Czar endeavours to make of the TURKISH QUESTION a purely Russo-French question. Let this first impression only pass current, and the mischief is irreparable. If, on this one point, France has not obtained the support of England, and on ulterior demands the latter should have to seek the support of France, France will refuse, and Russia, in the midst of all these dissidences and divisions, will stalk silently and stealthily to the accomplishment of her aims without an obstacle.

All the various letters from Constantinople speak of the immense preparations of the Russian troops on the Pruth, and about Odessa. Marshal Woronzoff leaves the army of the Caucasus to take the command-in-chief of the army of the Danube. The Emperor Nicholas himself, according to letters from St. Petersburg, is on the point of leaving the Baltic to betake himself to Odessa, where a magnificent palace has been prepared for him. Many other significant facts are mentioned. The Russian staff have mapped out the route of the army of the Danube. The line of march, with all the halts, is duly set down. What is more, the point of debarkation for the Russian fleet has been carefully reconnoitred. It is at a small peninsula about eighteen English miles from Constantinople. The plan of campaign is therefore fully unfolded. The thirty thousand men that compose the army of Odessa would disembark at the point above-mentioned, and would at once be in occupation of the very isthmus on which Constantinople is built. Their left wing would rest upon the Black Sea, and their right on the Sea of Marmora. They would thus invest Constantinople, and commence the siege. During this time, the army of the Danube would march upon Adrianople, and take possession of the entire Turkish territory. In such a juncture, what could the French and English fleets do? In vain might they ride at anchor side by side in the Golden Horn; their formidable hulls would be powerless to prevent the siege operations and the ultimate capture of Constantinople. What if they attacked and destroyed the Russian fleet? The land army would be untouched, its operations unimpeded, and the fall of the Turkish Empire undelayed by a single hour. Nay, more,—let but a Russian division be pushed forward to the Dardanelles and the forts aimed, the position of the two fleets would be far from comfortable. After the capture of Constantinople, they would have to re-pass the straits between the galling fires of the (Russian) heavy guns, and that is an operation never unattended with considerable inconvenience. If the intervention of the two Powers is to be useless, even supposing them to act together, what would it be if they were divided? There remains, then, but one chance of success to the defence of Turkey; it is the instant presence of the two fleets under the very walls of Constantinople, where they can wait for the Russian ships to leave Odessa to fight them and annihilate them. This done, there would only be the army of the Danube to handle; and as this army would have about 450 miles to march to get at Constantinople (a distance that must take a month to accomplish in the face of the Turkish army), France and England would, in such a case, find time enough to transport an army to Constantinople by sea.

I give you the substance of various letters from Constantinople. Their tenour may seem to the less reflective of your readers wild and fanciful; to many, even far-sighted politicians, visionary and remote. I do not affect to depreciate the insinuations or the sneers of indifferent or ignorant political idlers. I do not set up for a Cassandra, and what I write is at least based on data and on documents worthy of all respect. I shall not at all events regret having been premature in my announcements, which after all are not my own, but those of persons directly and specially informed.

Meanwhile, Bonaparte has received news of the first demand as to the Holy Places, and he keeps the news to himself. The French fleet which, it was rumoured, had been recalled, is really off to the Levant with five months' provisions on board. Three more ships are to reinforce the squadron of Admiral de Laussane. Rumour has been busy getting the Russian fleet under weigh from Sebastopol, but this is not confirmed.

If proof were wanting to convince those who still doubt the intention of the Northern Powers to stir up war, the revolutionary intrigues of the Austrian Government in the Canton of Ticino might well open their eyes. On the 23rd of this month, on the firing of a gun at night from the midst of the Austrian camp, about a hundred mountaineers, men always at the beck and hire of Austria, marched upon Lugano, armed with fowling-pieces, scythes, and pruning-bills; they endeavoured to seize the Hôtel de Ville, but were repulsed by the Civic guard, and expelled from the town. A similar movement occurred the same day at Locarno. It was similarly suppressed. The object of these two move-

ments is evident enough; it was to upset the local government, and to replace it by a faction devoted to Austria, and ready to hand over to that Power the famous Pass of the St. Gothard.

So much for abroad. At home the posture of affairs is still much strained. The funds don't get up, in spite of your officious City deputations. Confidence in the stability of the existing state of things seems generally lost. Bonaparte, in fact, maintains himself solely and wholly by the natural force of circumstances. The Legitimists continue to send in their resignations *en masse*. The *salons* keep up a terrible guerilla of sarcasms and *bon mots*. The Republicans begin again to excite a suspicion and alarm. The funeral of Madame Raspail has occasioned a circular from the Minister of Police to all the Prefects throughout France, forbidding all political obsequies. Even the recipients of "gracious pardons" are the object of measures rigorously severe. A great number of them have already been torn from their homes, and shipped off again to Algeria. In some departments they are made use of as a scarecrow to persuade the *bourgeoisie* to rally round the government of Bonaparte. A *mot* of a Prefect in the South is cited on this subject. On the Mayor of Nîmes complaining to the Prefect of the Gard of the threatening language held by certain of the pardoned political convicts, "So much the better," replied the Prefect; "this will teach you, *Messieurs les bourgeois*, what dangers you have escaped, and what dangers you are risking again by your opposition to the present Government."

One fact, very alarming to the Government, is the progressive rise in the rent of lodgings for working men. On the one hand, the pulling down of a great number of old houses in the populous quarters, has very much diminished the number of lodgings for the operative population; on the other, the terms of the proprietors, who have now the upper hand, have become exorbitant. Rents are doubled, and, in many cases, tripled. In many cases the landlords have given notice to their poor wretched tenants for the first of April. Now, these working men can find lodgings nowhere, at the present rate of rents, and they are thrown upon the streets! They give this state of things a name: they call it "The League of Landlords." I need not add, that within a week or two they will have to submit to the hard terms imposed upon them. But what a terrible seed of hate and vengeance will have been sown in the breasts of these hard driven men! From this first of April there may be said to be 300,000 men ready to "descend into the streets" at the first movement. Not even the Decembrist working men will escape the contagion, for they, too, are struck by this "landlords' league." Such is the inflexible rationale that presides over the government of this world!

Bonaparte, I have heard, is full of anxiety, and not a stranger to *ennui*. Not to speak of out-of-doors, which is far from cheerful, his domestic interior begins to threaten storms; and he begins to feel the cares of the household. The Empress *s'ennuie*. This unhappy young lady, who before her marriage enjoyed an absolute liberty, now finds herself a prisoner within her palace, fettered and shackled in all her doings and goings by inflexible and inexorable etiquette. She is dying of *ennui*! Bonaparte, instead of banishing this *ennui*, does nothing but increase and embitter it. Every day, almost every hour, the Empress, poor lady! has some fresh mortification to endure.

Scarcely, even at the hall of the Legislative Corps, was she permitted to shake off her tedious trouble for a moment. (*A pu se déridér*.) It was not until she had been in the ball-room nearly an hour that she was able to indulge a little animation, and to take some little pleasure in the fête, which, by the way, was magnificent. The selecter portion of the fête took place in the apartments of the President of the Corps Législatif. There was the principal *salon de danse*. The *Salle des Pas Perdus* was transformed into a throne-room, and decorated with the richest hangings. Three state chairs (*fanteuils d'honneur*), of extreme richness, had been placed there: one for Bonaparte, another for the Empress, a third for the Princess Mathilde. On either side of this gallery, leading from the hall of the Legislative Corps to the apartments of the President, a supplemental side gallery had been constructed. This triple gallery was adorned with a profusion of evergreens and flowers, which converted it into a perfect winter garden. Bonaparte arrived with the Empress at half past ten. It was generally remarked that the latter was extremely gracious and graceful, and extremely *tristée*. Bonaparte himself looked full of care. He opened the ball with the Empress. She danced with the President of the Legislative Corps, M. Billault, and the Emperor with Madlle. Billault.

Four thousand two hundred invitations had been given. The two commercial deputations from London

(I mean the *coterie* of "City" men, all for peace and "concessions," and the more intelligent and intelligible, because practical, deputation of the Isthmus of Panama Company) figured in the fête. Everything passed off with the best order and success.

On the following day Bonaparte sent a letter to the President of the Corps Législatif, to thank the Corps in his own name, and in the name of the Empress, for the fête which had been given them on the previous evening. At the same sitting, the Legislative Corps took into consideration a project of law on the rates of postage, and passed it without modification. The tax on postage for the interior of Paris is reduced to one *décime* (one penny). Negotiations are to be opened with England for the reduction of the postage on letters between the two countries to 25 centimes (2½d.).

There was a great deal of talk in the *Salle des Conférences* about the article in the *Moniteur*, inviting the Corps Législatif to vote the Budget without discussion. Many of the deputies did not conceal their indignation, and far from expressing a readiness to comply with the suggestion, proposed to introduce a certain number of amendments which would make a further reduction in the Budget of six millions of francs (340,000l.).

The Senate met on the same day. The Duc de Caumont Laforce proposed to confer a dotation upon the Empress. A commission is to be appointed to report on this proposal.

The Coronation, it now appears, is again put off till August. The Emperor has been persuaded into a belief that the Pope will infallibly come to France at that season; and poor Bonaparte, who is afflicted with a mania for consecrated oil from the hands of the Pope himself, has swallowed the pill, and countermanded the preparations commenced by the Archbishop of Paris. A pleasantry of Madlle. Rachel has amused all Paris this week. She was, you may be aware, acquainted with Bonaparte during his imprisonment at Ham, and in recompense of her services he has lately granted her a pension of 20,000 francs (800l.). Madlle. Judith, moreover, a sister, by race, to the celebrated tragedian, is the mistress of Napoléon Jérôme. Now these two illustrious Hebrew damsels bethought themselves of sporting the green and gold livery of the Imperial court. In a carriage exactly resembling that in which the Emperor and Empress habitually drive out, and with their grooms, and coachman, and attendants dressed in the Imperial liveries, they went the rounds of the different barracks, and were received by the troops turning out and presenting arms. Bonaparte, as you may imagine, was savage enough at this licentious practical joking, which has been the fun and frolic of all Paris. A decree was launched next day forbidding the use of the livery of green and gold (as distinct from the Imperial *cocarde*) even to the Princes of the Imperial family!

The affair of the correspondents has just arrived at a first *dénouement*. Five of them, four of whom are Legitimists and one Republican; MM. Costlogon, the elder and the younger; de Virmaître, of the *Corsaire*; de Planhol, of the *Gazette de France*; and Doctor Flan-drin, are remanded to appear before the Court of Correctional Police on the charge of belonging to "secret societies." Two others, MM. de Rovigo, of the *Corsaire*, and de Lapiere, of the *Gazette de France*, both Legitimists, are accused of illegal hawking (*colportage*) of journals and news. MM. Tanski, Page, Dupont, and de St. Priest, are discharged. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE Emperor received on Monday morning the deputation of London merchants charged to express the desire of their fellow-citizens for continued friendship with France. The reception took place at the Tuilleries, in the presence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and two of his colleagues. Sir James Duke introduced the members of the deputation—Messrs. Masterman, Glyn, Barclay, S. Garney, Dent, W. Gindstone, Powles, and Sir Edward N. Buxton, Bart.

Sir James, previous to presenting the numerously signed document with which he was charged, addressed the Emperor in the following terms:—

"Sire,—We have the honour and the gratification to appear before your Majesty, for the purpose of presenting to your Majesty, and to the French nation, a declaration from the commercial community of the metropolis of the British Empire, embodying the sentiments of amity and respect by which they are animated towards their brethren of France."

"The circumstances which have called forth this declaration being fully stated in the declaration itself, bearing the signatures of upwards of 4,000 of the merchants, bankers, and traders of London, we have only to add the expression of our conviction that this document conveys at the same time a faithful representation of the feelings of the people of England at large."

"In conclusion, Sire, we beg to express to your Imperial Majesty our fervent hope that, under your reign, France and England may be always united in a friendly and mutually beneficial intercourse, and that from the friend

ship of these two great nations results may ensue favourable to the peace of the world, and the happiness of mankind."

Sir James then read the following address:—

"We, the undersigned merchants, bankers, traders, and others of London, feel ourselves called upon at this time publicly to express the concern with which we learn through various channels of information, that an impression exists in the minds of the people of France that feelings of an unfriendly character are entertained towards them by the people of England.

"We think it right emphatically to declare that we believe no such feelings exist on the part of the English people towards the people of France. We believe the welfare of both nations to be closely interwoven, as well in a mutually advantageous and commercial intercourse as in a common participation in all the improvements of art and science.

"Rejoicing in the reflection that nearly forty years have passed since the final cessation of hostilities between France and England, we record our conviction that European wars should be remembered only to be deplored, for the sacrifice of life and treasure with which they were attended—the hindrances they interposed to all useful enterprise and social advancement—the angry and unchristian feelings which they provoked in their progress—and the heavy financial burdens which they left behind them at their close—considerations which supply the most powerful motives to every individual in the European community, to avoid, and to oppose, by every means in his power, whatever may tend to cause the recurrence of such evils.

"We desire to remark, that if in that expression of opinion on public questions which the press of this country is accustomed to exercise, it is found occasionally to speak with apparent harshness of the Government or the institutions of other states, the same is not to be understood in a spirit of national hostility, or as desiring to give offence. We feel that with the internal policy or mode of government which the French nation may think good to adopt for itself, it is not for British subjects to interfere, further than heartily to desire that it may result in peace and happiness to all interested therein.

"We conclude this declaration, by proclaiming our earnest desire for the long continuance of cordiality and goodwill between Frenchmen and Englishmen—our determination to do all in our power to uphold the same—and our fervent hope that the inhabitants of both nations may in future only vie with each other in cultivating the arts of peace, and in extending the sources of social improvement, for their common benefit."

His Majesty thus replied in the English language:—

"Gentlemen,—I am extremely touched by this manifestation. It confirms me in the confidence with which the good sense of the English nation has always inspired me. During the long stay I made in England, I admired the liberty she enjoys—thanks to the perfection of her institutions. Nevertheless, at one period last year, I feared that public opinion was misled with regard to the true state of France, and her sentiments towards Great Britain. But the good faith of a great people cannot be long deceived, and the step which you now take is a striking proof of this.

"Ever since I have held power, my efforts have constantly tended to develop the prosperity of France. I know her interests. They are not different from those of all other civilised nations. Like you, I desire peace; and to make it sure, I wish, like you, to draw closer the bonds which unite our two countries."

The deputation then retired. Its members speak highly of the courtesy and goodwill with which they have been received in Paris. The next day they dined with the Emperor in the private apartments of the Empress at the Tuileries.

The Emperor gave an audience at the Tuileries on Tuesday to a deputation of the English company for the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The deputation consisted of the following gentlemen, of whom the three first have obtained a concession of the enterprise: Sir C. Fox, Bart., head of the firm Fox, Henderson, and Co.; Mr. T. Brassey, contractor for the works; Dr. Cullen, who discovered the route adopted; Mr. Gishorne, chief engineer of the company; Mr. Forde, assistant-engineer; Mr. Brownell, merchant of Liverpool; Mr. W. Hamilton, ex-M.P., and member of the Royal Geographical Society; Captain Mackinnon, R.N.; M. de Rivero, Chargé d'Affaires of Peru in France; M. Rojas, Chargé d'Affaires of New Grenada in France; Mr. J. R. Crampton, engineer of the submarine telegraph; Mr. C. S. Stokes, director of the Western Railway in France; Mr. Melville Wilson, merchant of London; and Dr. Black, secretary of the company. Sir C. Fox, president of the deputation, addressed the Emperor as follows:—

"Sire,—In approaching your august throne, my first duty is to tender to your Imperial Majesty the cordial expression of the respectful gratitude of the directors of the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company, for the prompt kindness with which your Majesty has condescended to grant an audience to their deputation. The rapid increase of commercial navigation round Cape Horn has now for some years attracted the practical attention of men of business to that which had previously been considered a merely speculative object of scientific inquiry.—I mean the necessity for a direct passage for ships between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans across the Isthmus which unites North and South America. In the year 1851 my attention was directed by Dr. Cullen, who had himself traversed the Isthmus, to the route across Darien, between Port Escoos and San Miguel, which his experience had led him to consider the best. On examining the Admiralty

charts, which, as your Imperial Majesty is well aware, are very detailed and accurate, I was able to ascertain that the line proposed to me was the only one which could enjoy the advantage of a sufficient natural harbour at each end—that the length of the passage would not exceed sixty kilometres, and that the only question to be decided was whether the engineering difficulties of the ground were such as to prevent, within the limits of a reasonable expenditure, the construction of a channel of sufficient width and depth to satisfy the requirements of all nations. In conjunction, therefore, with Mr. Brassey and several friends, I commissioned Mr. Gishorne and Mr. Forde, civil engineers, to examine the Isthmus, and I have had the satisfaction to ascertain from their report that it is perfectly possible to cut a channel, 100 feet wide and 30 feet deep, without locks, between the two harbours which I have mentioned, at an expense by no means out of proportion to the object to be attained and to the revenue which may reasonably be expected. We have accordingly formed a company to carry out this object. At the outset of our investigations, and as soon as we had obtained the necessary concession from the local authority of New Granada, we deemed it right, as a matter of courtesy, to offer to the United States a share in the undertaking. We have throughout received the cordial approbation of her Britannic Majesty's Government. Our next step is, with the full consent of that Government, to solicit the patronage and support of your Imperial Majesty. France, as one of the great maritime powers, has an evident interest in this great question of a junction between the two oceans. France, who owes so much to your Imperial Majesty will, we believe, be grateful to you, Sire, for granting your Imperial countenance and support to our undertaking. And in the name of this deputation and of the company whom we have the honour to represent, I venture to hope for this support with perfect confidence, because we know that your Imperial Majesty, not only as the chief of this great nation, but also by your personal knowledge of the subject, is pre-eminently qualified to appreciate the object which we have in view, and the means which we have adopted.

The Emperor replied in English as follows:—
Gentlemen—I received with the liveliest interest the intelligence of the formation of a great company for the junction of the two oceans. I have no doubt that you will succeed in an undertaking which must render so important a service to the commerce of the whole world, since such eminent men are placed at the head of your company. I have long appreciated all the advantages of a junction between the two seas; and, when I was in England, I endeavoured to draw the attention of scientific men to this subject. You may, therefore, rest assured, gentlemen, that you will meet with all the support from me which such noble efforts deserve.

The company's reports, plans, and maps, were then laid before the Emperor, who examined them with particular attention. Sir Charles Fox presented the members of the deputation, and his Majesty addressed to each of them the most gracious expressions. When the deputation withdrew, the Emperor said:—

I am happy to have seen your honourable deputation the very day after having received the one which, on the part of the merchants of London, expressed to me the most friendly sentiments in favour of peace—sentiments with which my own feelings have always been in complete accord.

On Tuesday, the City Deputation dined with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Drouyn de L'Hays.

On Wednesday evening, the City Deputation dined with the Emperor; and on the following evening, the Deputation of the Isthmus of Panama Company were "admitted to the table" of his Majesty.

The Government journals are making abundant capital out of these deputations, by long articles declaratory of the pacific views and tendencies of the Emperor.

The following paragraph may be taken as a commentary upon the recent appearance of an eminent London banker at the head of the "deputation" to the Emperor:—It is stated as positive that the Emperor signed on Wednesday a decree granting a new railroad line of importance—from Bordeaux to Lyons. The names of MM. de Moray and Masterman are mentioned as among those to whom the concession has been made.

The increasing vigour of the four principal independent journals in France begins to cause umbrage to the Government. It is believed that they have received a private caution to be more circumspect.

The Conservative *Journal des Débats* of Thursday last, contained the following remarkable advice to the blind zealots who are endeavouring to supplant the religious liberties guaranteed by the revolution of 1789. These words have a broad application:—

"We fear re-actions too. They are terrible in our country. Only look where the saturnalia of 1848 have led liberty. Religion and the clergy would pay dear, we have reason to apprehend, for the abuse they might make of the favour that at the present moment surrounds them. The spirit of our country is not changed. We are weary, we are not converted. The principles of 1789 still live in our hearts,—the yoke which our fathers refused to bear, we should endure less easily than they, and France has not effected a radical revolution in her institutions at the price of so much blood and so many tears, to relapse, after seventy years, under the dominion of ideas she has rejected."

M. de Girardin, in *La Presse*, has been combating with all his old vigour of imperious and pressing logic, in favour of that great idea which we may call the fundamental doctrine of the *Leader*—absolute liberty. In reply to the *Royalist Assemblée Nationale*, which had talked glibly of the necessity of "getting out of democracy," Emile de Girardin exclaims:—

"To get out of democracy would be to re-establish the law of primogeniture—the three estates: the nobles, the clergy, the *tiers-état*, inequality in taxation, inequality before the law, *la taille*, *la corvée*, seigneurial control, serfdom, the unity of religious faith under penalty of excommunication of persons and confiscation of property,—in a word, all that existed in France under the *Royaume* before 1789. In effect, such would be the intensely logical conclusion; you must choose between privilege and equality, between authority and liberty. Authority cannot exist where it is divided; liberty is impossible, if it be not indivisible. Authority and liberty being less than absolute, are neither liberty nor authority; they are confusion."

These extracts will give the reader some notion of the returning animation and vigour of the leaders of the French press. What Emile de Girardin says of authority and liberty is (conceding to him some peculiarities of statement) eminently true. Judge our religious liberty in England, our right of free thought, our salaries and endowed Protestantism, by this text and standard, and wonder, if you can, how it is that our "established" Protestantism is as impotent as it is insincere, and halts at its own principles and conclusions.

A new Crockford's, to be called *Club des Etrangers*, at which the play will be excessively high, is in course of formation at Paris.

The *Petite Bourse*, established at the Casino Paganini since 1851, has been suppressed by the police.

M. de Lacour sailed from Marseilles for Constantinople on the 27th ult. on board the *Caton*, which was ordered, after depositing the ambassador, to join the French fleet in the Levant.

Political circles in Paris are alive with rumours the most contradictory, and often the most absurd, on the Eastern or Turkish question. By some the "attitude" of Prince Menschikoff is described as most conciliatory; by others as menacing; the interview with the Sultan is by one report said to have been friendly, by another the Sultan is described as cold and even disdainful towards the Russian Envoy. The ultimatum is variously represented to have been presented at once and entire, not yet at all, and only bit by bit. The *corps d'armée* on the Black Sea has (according to one report) been reinforced, according to another, has commenced its march, according to a third, has never moved from its position nor been augmented by a single man. Prince Menschikoff moreover is said to have but one object—the repeal of the firman respecting the sanctuaries obtained by the bullying of M. de Lavalette in defiance of former treaties, and the restoration of the Russian Protectorate over the Greek Christians: while other accounts represent his ultimatum as containing several articles each more exorbitant than the others.

According to the *Triest Zeitung*, the excellent Prince Ghika, Hospodar of Moldavia, has abdicated. The truth would be that he has been forced to abdicate, and almost driven mad by foreign intrigues. The late Hospodar is living on his ill-gotten wealth, the fruit of exactions and peculations, at Paris.

It has been rumoured at Vienna that Persia has broken all relations with England and appealed to the support of Russia. Half these rumours indicate nothing but the wishes of their inventors. It is difficult to say why Persia should break with England at this particular juncture, unless it be part of the vast scheme of Russian intrigue.

A Russian Vice-admiral has arrived at Athens in a steam-frigate, to "visit the antiquities." He has paid his respects to the king. Russian agents are busy in the Archipelago, where they are studying the maritime resources of the island population, and they abound in Montenegro.

On the 24th ult., the British squadron was still in Malta harbour.

The steamer from the Levant has arrived from Constantinople, with news of the 21st.

The conferences had been recommenced between the Divan and Prince Menschikoff.

"The attitude of the Russian Ambassador was much more moderate." There is something ludicrous about this latest announcement in its pompous mystification. It reminds us of the scene in *L'Étourneau*, where the terrible husband is opening his batch of letters.

Despatches from Poland mention that there is great activity at present in the Russian army. All soldiers on furlough have received orders to join their respective regiments. The Russian Fleet in the Black Sea, composed of forty-four vessels, has been placed under the command of the Grand Duke Constantine.

Important commercial failures had taken place at Smyrna. They affect the commerce of the Zollverein.

From Spain we learn, that the discussion in the Senate on the report of the majority of the Committee favourable to the pretensions of Marshal Narvaez was resumed and brought to a close on the 22nd ult. The report was rejected by 106 to 64.

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Lujan and other Progressista members brought forward a proposition to the effect of obtaining some mitigation of the law on the press. After a short discussion, in which M. Lujan, the Minister of Finance, M. Pidal, and M. Gonzalez Bravo took part, the proposition was rejected by 153 to 47.

The Spanish Government has been deliberating how to punish the refractory functionaries who had voted for Narvaez. The superior irremovable law officers would probably be suspended, as the Minister of Justice had insisted on an exception in their favour; the other civil and military functionaries would be inconspicuously dismissed. Such is the progress of constitutional liberty in Spain.

M. Salamanca, the wily and debonair financier, had returned from London, after effecting a new loan through the house of Baring, on favourable terms.

The Prussian Government has made a russia at Berlin among persons suspected of revolutionary correspondence.

The *Cologne Gazette* makes a gigantic affair of the conspiracy discovered on the 20th ult. It seems, in consequence of information which the police authorities had received, about eighty houses were surrounded and searched on Saturday last, and about forty persons were immediately arrested. On the two following days a great number of arrests took place, and there are now not less than eighty-six persons suspected of high treason in the prisons of Berlin. Some of the prisoners have for a long time been suspected of revolutionary designs: such, for instance, are Dr. Falkenthal, late President of the Democratic Association, who was arrested together with his housekeeper, and Dr. Collmann; Gehrke, a schoolmaster, who acquired some reputation in 1848; Julius Behrends, late member of the National Assembly; Streckfuss, a tobacco-merchant; Levy, a merchant, late chairman of the Labourer's Convention; Kunde, cutter to the king; and Geisler, overseer in Hauschild's factory. A large quantity of congrue rockets and grenades were discovered under the floors of the working rooms over which Geisler presided. A hundred weight of gunpowder, a great many conical balls, and small rockets fit to be fired from muskets, were found in the house of Dr. Falkenthal. Weapons of all kinds, revolutionary pamphlets, proclamations, and letters disclosing the details of the conspiracy, have been found in the houses of some of the other prisoners. The police are still very active, and fresh discoveries are expected.

It is hard to say how much of this prodigious account may be true, or how far the alleged conspiracy may be a ruse of the police to arrest the march of constitutional government towards the "liberty of the subject." It is certain that arrests, chiefly of working men, suspected of belonging to revolutionary societies, had been going on since the 18th ult. All these alleged conspiracies prove at least the widespread and deep-seated revolutionary ferment in the heart of German absolutism.

Religious liberty is going the way of political liberty in Germany. It is stated in the German papers that the Jewish community in Berlin has received notice that the law of July 23, 1847, has been restored to vigour. This law forbids to Jews participation in communal functions, and suppresses the independence of their community. The law of 1847 was abolished by the constitution, which promised to effect so much in the way of religious freedom, but from which the Jesuits alone seem to have derived advantage. The chiefs of the Jewish congregations in the Prussian capital are preparing a memorial to the King, in which they propose to exhibit the unconstitutional character of the recent measure.

There have lately been political meetings of working-men at Hanover. A notice was posted by the Government that any men in the Government employ taking part in these meetings would be immediately discharged. This notice was torn down, and supplied by rude portraits of Robert Blum.

Gervinus's case is to come before the Court of Appeal at Mannheim on the 16th, when the sentence of the Lower Court will be finally ratified, modified, or annulled.

A letter from Nuremberg, dated the 25th:—"A domiciliary visit was yesterday made, at the demand of the Austrian Government, at a commercial house here, the head of which is accused of having fraudulently introduced into Austria packets of tobacco, the wrappers of which were ornamented with portraits of Kossuth and Mazzini. Several of these wrappers were found on the premises. Last winter some other wrappers were found in another house, having on them the portrait of Robert Blum.

Cholera at Breslau appears to be decreasing rapidly. The last police return of the 23rd, gives no new case, and only two deaths among those under medical treatment.

The Emperor of Austria has quite recovered his health and strength, and his eyesight is said to be unimpaired. But he continues to delegate part of the administrative functions to the Archduke, whom he had appointed his *locum tenens* during his illness.

Reports of insults to the British flag in Austria (under the protection of that complaisant *chef d'orchestre*, the Earl of Westmoreland) are getting unpleasantly common. A letter from Vienna of the 23rd ult., in the New Prussian Gazette, relates a "disagreeable incident," at a recent fête of riflemen in the Tyrol, to celebrate the recovery of the Emperor. The arms of England were publicly outraged. Details are not known, but the arms had been fired at. Whether this be true or not, it is not to be supposed that these "riflemen met to celebrate the recovery of the Emperor," represent the feelings of the Austrian people, whose loyalty has not, within our knowledge at least, been of that enthusiastic nature since 1848.

We hesitated last week to publish the report that the Austrian Government had not only not desisted from its projects of spoliation against persons and families, innocent even of patriotism, and many even naturalized in foreign states, but had, by a subsequent decree, given a retroactive effect to these sequestrations—in other words, these confiscations—by including the property of men who have been out of Italy since 1831 and 1821; besides many who have been naturalized in Piedmont since 1848. All dealings with real estate, all deeds and documents relative to its sale, exchange, gift *inter vivos*, inheritance, or other ownership since 1847, are to be examined with a view to discover any possible fiduciary or fictitious interests created for the purpose of preserving the estates of men politically compromised from those very measures which the defenders of property are now inflicting upon the (politically) guilty and innocent with equal unscrupulousness.

The Sardinian Government, backed by the moral support of England, and, we believe, of France, has taken up the rights of naturalized Lombards warmly: and has protested against the confiscations. Count Revel, the ambassador at Vienna, has been instructed to press the matter to an equitable reconsideration, and in case of refusal, to demand his passports. The fact is, that towards Piedmont as towards Switzerland, Austria is incurably hostile: she cannot bear so close a neighbourhood of free institutions, and so near a refuge for her victims.

Constant arrests are being made in Switzerland of agents illegally recruiting for the Papal service. The King of Naples has 16,000 Swiss troops.

Eight Hungarian deserters arrived at Berne on the 20th ult. They have left for England.

The Archduke Albert is to be the successor of Marshal Radetzky in Hungary.

We spoke last week in reference to the boasted clemency at Mantua, of Austria in Lombardy setting up a reputation for humanity at a cheap rate, by first arresting and condemning without trial innocent men, and then, in extraordinary cases, pardoning them. We learn that on the very day the amnesty of some forty prisoners was announced, an execution for "high treason" took place in Mantua.

The session of the Piedmontese Chambers was to be closed on the 1st of April, and to re-open shortly afterwards. It was believed, however, that their convocation might be retarded by the uncertainty of political events, by which is meant the difficulties with Austria, which the Government is afraid to expose to the freedom of debate.

A great many arrests and domiciliary visits to refugees have taken place throughout the Sardinian dominions. Eighty political refugees have sailed from Genoa, in the corvette of war, the *Santa Giovanna*, for America.

Two companies, the one English, and the other formed of Lghorn capitalists, had applied to the Sardinian government for leave to make the necessary surveys for the construction of a railway between Genoa and Lghorn.

According to the *Official Milan Gazette*, the late amnesty at Mantua comprises only 63 persons. As a set-off to which, the *Opinione* of Turin of the 28th ult. states that upwards of 40 inhabitants of Somma, in Lombardy, had been arrested and conducted to the fortress of Milan; and the *Bologna Gazette* states that on the 16th ult. some more executions of political offenders took place at Pesaro.

The accounts of the condition of Southern Italy, especially of the Neapolitan States, are more and more deplorable. Not that there is any symptom of an approaching revolutionary movement—even Calabria is quiet. But the King of Naples is the disciple, as well as the tool of Austria, and he thinks to play the same insane and desperate game of terrifying his subjects into loyalty. It is believed, too, that certain supposed tendencies within the present English Ministry, represented by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, alarm this demented King into a sort of savage defiance of all considerations of justice and humanity.

The excellent correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Naples on the 21st of March, says: The state of southern Italy at the present moment is far more alarming than at any other period since the reaction. During the last few days some hundreds of persons have been arrested; the students have been ordered to quit the city of Naples within a few hours, and others are obliged to present themselves before the police every morning. Some of the most eminent lawyers of Naples are amongst those arrested. The same events are taking place in the provinces, where persons are dying of hunger. Indeed, the distress throughout the country is something unparalleled.

The police in Naples commit daily the most irritating acts of cruelty and injustice. The Government, supported by 100,000 bayonets, trembles at the form of a hat or the fashion of a beard. The police prowl about on the look-out for the round broad-brimmed hats, known in England, I believe, as "wide-awakes." They snatch them off the heads of the wearers and tear them to pieces. The hatters' shops have been rifled, and their property confiscated. The prisons are now so crowded that it has been found necessary to remove some of the old occupants to the islands, to make room for the new victims.

The state of Sicily is equally distressing. The same reign of terror prevails; arrests without number, and executions without trial, reduce the island to desperation, and have, perhaps, occasioned the report of an insurrection at Palermo.

The King of Naples arrived at Palermo on the 16th ult. There was a report at Genoa that an attempt at insurrection had occurred in Sicily, and had been suppressed. This report wants confirmation.

Modena and Parma have acceded to the Austro-Prussian commercial league.

The Emperor of Russia has issued an ukase prohibiting Jews from representing Christian houses in trade.

The Czar has been grievously affected by the discovery of defalcations among certain high military functionaries to a very large amount.

A singular religious movement is going on in Sweden. A letter from Stockholm of the 18th ult. says:—"The Separatists go on increasing in number every day. The Chapter of Wexera has declared that at Efsdalen schismatic movements had broken out similar to those at Orfa. Fifty-two persons had received the communion from a Separatist. In Norland a professor has betrothed his son to a woman, although he had not yet received confirmation. A woman of Lapponia had declared that she was the mother of the Redeemer. At Carlsrona an enthusiast killed his son with a hatchet, in order to remove him, as he said, from this valley of tears. The situation of the national church becomes every day more difficult, as religious liberty is more and more sought after."

GOVERNMENT MEASURES FOR MANNING THE FLEET.

We find in the *Times*, this morning, a most important summary of the recommendations of the Commission, which, under the presidency of Sir Charles Adam, was appointed to consider the best mode of manning the fleet; which Government has adopted, and the Queen, yesterday, approved.

The first point on which all the authorities consulted were agreed is, that whatever measures are taken must rely for success on the voluntary acceptance of them by the seamen, and that any attempt to introduce a coercive

mode of enlistment would be followed by mischievous consequences and failure. The mode, therefore, which could alone be resorted to consists in rendering the naval service of the Crown more attractive to the seafaring population, by rendering it more permanent, by an increase of pay, by a large augmentation of privileges and advantages to petty officers and warrant officers in the Queen's ships, by opening officers' commissions to petty officers who shall greatly distinguish themselves, and by forming a permanent corps of trained seamen in the receipt of pensions, but still available after the expiration of the ordinary period of service. If we are correctly informed, these measures will now forthwith be carried into effect, and the seaman will at once find in the new arrangements of the navy a degree of security, accompanied with prospects of advancement he has never before possessed. In the mere amount of pay it will always be possible for the merchantman to compete successfully with the man-of-war; but that superior class of men who are fitted to become petty officers, and even to rise higher, will find advantages in the Queen's service which they can scarcely even meet with in trading vessels; and these rewards of good conduct, ability, and daring, are precisely the grounds which may fairly entitle the navy to the choice of the best hands. It is proposed, in the first place, that the establishment of boys for the navy should be placed on a permanent footing, and that they should be enlisted for general service for a period of ten years, and this is, perhaps, the most important condition of all, for lads perfectly trained in the duties of a man-of-war are not only the best class of men in the navy, but they are generally averse to seeking any other employment. Provision will also be made for the enlistment of able-bodied seamen of the first and second class for a period of ten years, with some increase of pay, and the seamen now serving in the fleet will be allowed to volunteer on these terms, reckoning, of course, their actual period of service. Upon the expiration of the term of enlistment they will receive a pension of 6d. a day, which may be increased by their joining the body of trained seamen who will be held available under certain conditions, and would be of the utmost value in bringing a raw ship's company into a smart and well ordered condition on the occurrence of any emergency. The condition of the petty officers will be materially improved, with proportionate augmentations of pay, and it will be in the power of every well-conducted seaman to aspire to this upper rank in the service.

We are also assured, that the whole plan will of course be made known to the country and the navy at the earliest possible time, and Sir James Graham may justly lay claim to the merit of having carried the recommendations of the Commission into effect with his usual promptitude and vigour.

THE BURMESE WAR.

THE news from Burmah is up to the 14th February. By the last mail, intelligence of an expedition of boats under Captain Loch, of the *Winchester*, being about to proceed after a notorious freebooter and his followers, was despatched to England. By this opportunity it becomes our melancholy duty to have to record the unfortunate termination of this affair. It would appear that after disembarking at Donabew, the force under Captain Loch was entrapped into a heavy jungle. Here the enemy made a determined stand, and being under cover, whilst our troops were exposed, they, by their heavy fire, obliged the latter to withdraw to their boats. Amongst those killed were the gallant leader, George Grenville Loch (son of Mr. James Loch, who sat many years for the Wick boroughs in Scotland); Lieutenant Kennedy, of the Royal Navy, belonging to her Majesty's ship *Fox*; and Captain Price, of the 67th Bengal Native Infantry. The grenadier company of the latter regiment behaved most gallantly, covering the retreat of the whole force. The remains of Captain Loch were brought down to Rangoon by the *Phlegethon*, and were interred with military honours on the morning of the 8th of February. His body was laid by the side of poor young Dorin, of the 15th Royal Irish, on the upper terrace of the Dagon pagoda. Three of our guns were left behind in the hands of the enemy. It is stated in private letters from Burmah that the guide of poor Captain Loch's force had played us false. It is thus described:—

An expedition, naval and military, the former under the command of Captain Loch, C.B., the latter under Major Minchin, 67th Bengal Native Infantry, was formed for the purpose of attacking "Meer Toon," the celebrated bandit chief, who had ensconced himself in a stronghold some fifteen miles inland, from "Donabew." The naval brigade was 140 strong, composed of the men and boats of her Majesty's ships *Winchester*, *Fox*, and *Spinks*. The military force consisted of the sepoy of the 67th Bengal Native Infantry, about 350 strong. About the 1st Feb. they arrived at Donabew; on the 3rd, after a fatiguing march, the guides told Captain Loch they were in front of an outpost of the enemy. At this time the jungle was very dense, and the path so narrow, that two men could not walk abreast. Scarcely had the guides done speaking, when a tremendous fire was opened on them; Lieutenant Kennedy, 1st of the *Fox*, was shot dead, as also several men. Captain Loch then waved his sword, and shouted to the men to follow him, when down he fell, shot dead—the ball drove his watch into his intestines. I should never finish writing of the disasters that befel, if I were to enumerate each and every particular. Sufficient to say, the force was driven back with the following loss:—Two guns (spiked), Captain Loch killed, Lieutenant Kennedy killed (left on the field). Officers wounded:—J. H. Bushnell,

Lieutenant, *Winchester*; H. A. Hinde, mate, *Winchester*, severely (right hand and left arm); C. F. Wilson, mate, *Winchester*, very severely (through the neck); Lieut. Glover, of the *Sphinx*, severely under the eye. Seamen and marines killed—five (two left dead on the field); seamen and mariners wounded, almost all severely, many in three or four places—48.

Total officers and men killed . . . 8
Ditto wounded . . . 51

Total of naval and brigade . . . 50

The report which went home by last mail, that General Steel met with a reverse, turns out to be untrue. That officer is employed in carrying out his orders, and is now making a sweep round Pegu. At Ava peace counsels are in the ascendant; the brother of the King is still the ruler, and the King himself is a prisoner in that brother's hands. Commissioners are on their way from the capital to the British camp, to listen to the terms of peace which we are to dictate. The whole country of Pegu is peaceful, with the exception of the robber bands, which infest the whole province. It was one of these bands against which poor Loch and his party were sent. Another party, under Commander Rennie, of the Indian navy, was sent up the Bassein river, and has done right good service. The last-named officer landed his men and three guns, and pushed across the country in pursuit of the enemy. The latter was at last brought to bay, when Rennie's party opened upon them, and, at the distance of fifty yards, killed some fifty with grape and canister; the remainder flew in every direction.

With reference to Captain Loch we borrow the following account of him from the *Times*.

"Captain Granville Loch had found opportunities to distinguish himself even during a period of general peace. In 1841 he was posted, and in the following year he went out in the *Dido* to serve as a volunteer on the staff of Lord Gough in the war in China; he was also present with Sir Henry Pottinger at all the conferences which terminated that war; and in 1846 he obtained the command of the *Alarm* (26), then on the West India station. In this capacity Captain Loch conducted a very spirited expedition in boats up the river San Juan de Nicaragua (the scene of one of Nelson's early exploits), which enabled him to adjust the differences then existing between the British Government and the Nicaraguan Republic, and to dictate a treaty with that State. For this service he received from her Majesty the Order of the Bath, upon the recommendation of Lord Palmerston. In 1852, Captain Loch was appointed by the Duke of Northumberland to the command of the *Winchester*, 50, which was ordered to relieve the *Hastings* as flagship in the East Indies. So that, by a singular coincidence, his short but brilliant career was chiefly remarkable for his services in river warfare on the Yang-tse-Kiang, the San Juan de Nicaragua, and the Irrawaddy. Shortly after his arrival at Rangoon, Admiral Austin died of cholera. The Commodore remained with the squadron off the coast, and the command of the river devolved principally on Captain Loch. In spite of an oppressive climate and a harassing enemy he kept the communications open, and succeeded, against enormous odds, in compelling the Burmese to retire, in great measure, from the stockades and positions they held on the banks. In one of these desperate but obscure encounters against a band of barbarous enemies, he is now reported to have fallen at the head of a frightful number of his comrades and men, on whose courage and steadiness he placed unbounded reliance, for they, too, knew their leader; and, though no death can be more glorious than that of a British officer who falls in the command of seamen and troops, and in the discharge of his duty to England, we are painfully reminded by such an occurrence at how great a price the warfare between civilization and barbarism is carried on, for Captain Loch wanted nothing to complete his fame but a nobler enemy and a more conspicuous field of action."

There has been a fearful conflagration at Rangoon. A correspondent writing to the *Hurkaru* says that "Rangoon is a place of desolation and death just now. The dockyard buildings, and others to a very considerable extent, have been completely destroyed by fire; while the small-pox is causing havoc as great among living beings. The appearance of prosperity and improvement which so lately marked this place is now succeeded by barrenness and misery. Captain Sparks is doing all to restore the inhabitants to something like the comforts which they have lost, but one man can do little under such circumstances. One of the consequences of the fire is, that somehow or another it has thrown the whole of the official arrangements into a state of confusion."

TRANQUIL "APPEARANCES" AT THE CAPE.

"PEACE and amity are restored between her Majesty and the said chief, Krell," a fact announced by General Cathcart, and doubtless as important as it is agreeable. Up to a recent period, Krell's country had been disturbed, cattle extensively lifted, missionary settlements annoyed and saved—in one instance "by the address and courage of a missionary's wife" (an unnamed heroine). Krell, fearful that these popular offences among his tribes would provoke another "foray" from General Cathcart, asked for peace, sending "assngais" as a symbol, and one hundred cattle as a solid proof, of his submission, which was accepted. Sandilli and Ma-

como have also crossed over the Kei, as required by the Governor, and have sent messengers to treat for peace. General Cathcart has re-established his head quarters at King William's Town. He proposes to retain military possession of the Amatolas, and to establish townships, villages, and military settlements, in the country, granting land, under very liberal conditions, and with good guarantees, to English settlers. The local papers say, that "to all appearances the war is at an end, all ideas of fighting having been evidently abandoned by the hostile tribes." But, notwithstanding this apparently promising condition of affairs over the border, the frontier districts have not been wholly free from depredation. Several serious losses of cattle and horses have taken place, and Kafir scouts and small parties of rebel Hottentots are continually met with, far within the more settled parts of the colony. These circumstances naturally tend to keep up a feeling of insecurity in the country, and many of the eastern colonists are, it is said, determined, if peace be not speedily and satisfactorily restored, to seek for happier homes in the land of the golden east.

AMERICAN NOTES.

A MEAGRE telegraphic message to New York has conveyed a bit of news relative to Truxillo, a port claimed both by the Republic of Honduras and by the King of Mosquito. The English war steamer *Devastation*, supporting the claim of the king, threatened the town with bombardment unless the Hondurans, then in possession, would surrender; under protest, therefore, the place was given up to Mosquito.

Unbiased calculators, in estimating the relative powers of American parties in Congress, state that in the House the Democrats outnumber the Whigs nearly two to one, and that in the Senate they are more than two to one.

During the debate on the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty in the United States' Senate, the following passage occurred. The speaker is Mr. Butler, a democratic Southern.

When we despise England, we must despise the tree on the fruit of which we have fed—we must despise Hampden, Sidney, Chatham, Shakespeare, and Burke. There was no country on God Almighty's earth he loved so much as his own, but he loved England because she was his mother, and was proud of the tributary streams which she had poured out on America. The very common law itself made us. We have English law and literature—and was he to be told he must despise England? He did not wish to court any occasion to become hostile to her. This debate was calculated to sow the seeds of bitterness.

Mr. Douglas further explained his views. The senator says we ought to love England, because she is our mother. Now, it is hard to tell who our mother was. We have a great many mothers—we have here English, Irish, Scotch, French, Norman, Spanish, every kind of descent. All we have found valuable in England we have adopted, and that which was injurious we have rejected. I do not speak in terms of unkindness to England, but in speaking of monuments, the point I made was this,—that we should not shut our eyes to the fact that the policy which England is pursuing has its origin in hostility towards us, and is not to enhance our interests. While the senator spoke of England pouring in her streams of refreshing intelligence, I thought that the streams of abolition, treason, and insurrection which she had poured into South Carolina and other slave-holding states of this Union, would at least excuse him from endorsing these streams of literature under the name of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and other works—(tremendous applause in the gallery, and cries of "Good, good!")—works libelling us and our institutions, and holding us up to the hate and prejudice of the world. While engaged in this, he was the last to compliment her for her refreshing streams of literature. (Renewed applause.)

The Chair suppressed the disorder, and ordered the galleries to be cleared.

Mr. Adams—I hope they will be cleared.

Mr. Douglas—I hope they will.

Mr. Butler—When I spoke of gratitude, I spoke of those things in which we have a common interest. I do not thank the senator for going out of his way and indicating impure streams. I spoke of the streams which authors and orators have poured out upon us, which I hope have been refreshing to him and the intelligence of the age. I did not expect a miserable allusion to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—it was *ad captandum*, and not manly made.

Mr. Douglas—I spoke in terms of reverence and respect of the monuments of statesmen in England, of patriotism, legal learning, science, and literature—of all that was great, noble, and admirable. I did not expect statesmen to go back two or three centuries to justify the aggressions of the present age. And when I heard the plaudits relative to the past, I thought I had a right to allude to the present enormities of England.

Mr. Butler—I should like to know how England is responsible for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? If the senator takes the sickly sentimentality of the day as an exponent of the English heart and literature, very well. I alluded to our commercial relations with England, and our connexion as a civilized nation, and would the senator postpone her?

Mr. Douglas—I would not postpone her, or give her a greater preference than other nations, but treat her as duty requires.

Mr. Butler—We can find sickly sentimentality everywhere, such as the Maine Liquor Law, and all that. (Laughter.)

Mr. Clayton replied to Mr. Douglas, and repeated the arguments heretofore advanced by him in justification of his course in negotiating the Bulwer and Clayton treaty. He contended he had proved from the testimony of the most distinguished statesmen who ever lived, that the exclusive privilege of making the ship canal was not to be desired, and that the true principle is to negotiate for all nations to pass that great highway on the same terms. The senator boasts that we are a great, a giant republic, and the senator himself is said to be a little giant—(laughter)—and everything which he talks about is gigantic. (Renewed laughter.) Mr. Clayton concurred in the remarks of Secretary Everett relative to Cuba, and in the course of President Fillmore respecting that island. He knew how easy it was to excite prejudice against England, and as a reply to the senator's observations on that head, caused to be read a portion of Washington's farewell address, with a view of refreshing the Senate.

This everlasting debate was again adjourned.

The municipality of New York, which has long been in a corrupt and contemptible state, has been "dealt with." One of the aldermen has been fined 250 dollars, and sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen days, for contempt of court; and twenty-six other aldermen have been all fined variously for the same offence, while two were recently indicted by the grand jury for bribery and corruption.

A United States official document gives the following statistics of the British North American colonies. The British colonies have an area of 218,339,414 acres, and a population in round numbers of 2,500,000. Their commerce with all countries amounts to 70,200,000 dollars, of which about 19,000,000 dollars is with the United States, and 30,000,000 dollars with Great Britain. These colonies own and employ shipping measuring nearly 500,000 tons.

Vice-President King is fast declining; he is not expected to leave Cuba alive.

The election of Santa Anna, as President of Mexico, is certain.

A vile murder has been committed in New York. A Mrs. Lynch and her sister, Mrs. Shain, resided in one of the rooms of an Irish boarding-house; the former had some ready money in her room. The house was kept by a man named Carroll, who, with his wife, went one evening to a ball. At ten o'clock on that evening screams were heard from the house. In the morning, on the house being opened, the two women were found dead, frightfully bruised and stabbed; one body having forty-one wounds the other thirteen. There were marks also of an attempt at setting fire to the house. The lodging keeper (Carroll) and his wife are in custody on suspicion, also an Irishman, of bad habits, named Spring.

"THE CHASE" IN CALIFORNIA.

THE executive portion of Judge Lynch's administration have turned hunters, and their prey is man. A "warm and exciting chase" after a famous robber is the latest achievement of the citizen constables. The pursued was the celebrated bandit Joaquin, "the best of the cut-throats" in California. He is a young man of about nineteen years of age, and is a first-rate shot. He leads a band of sixty men, mostly Mexicans. His exploits are daring and terribly brutal. One day in February last he rode through the village of St. Andres at a quick gallop, and shot three Americans as he passed through the streets. A few days after, the citizens of Jacksonville brought in the dead body of Mr. Lake, a butcher of that place, and the body of a Chinaman, who was wounded by a pistol ball. It was not then known who had committed these outrages. On the next day, Saturday, three Chinamen were killed between Sutter and Jackson, a distance of some four miles. The driver of the Stockton stage and two passengers were killed on the same day by Joaquin and two others, supposed to be Mexicans. The three men were shot and the horses taken from the stage. On the same day, the same parties drove some fifty Chinese from a camp in the neighbourhood, and carried away or destroyed their tents. Joaquin must be one of the best shots with a revolver in this or any other country, as nearly all these men were shot through the neck. A letter from Jacksonville, dated 13th Feb., says:—"The town is under the greatest excitement. A large meeting of the citizens was held this evening, at which measures were taken that must lead to the eventual capture of the murderers. Nearly our whole population has volunteered to turn out in pursuit to-morrow. Woe to the Mexicans if they are caught." The party of Americans who started in pursuit, found at Cook's Gulch, on Sutter Creek, the dead body of a Chinaman. They traced the robbers to Jackson Creek, a few miles below this village, and there found more of their work—one Chinaman mortally wounded. Mr. Lake was living, but speechless, and died in a few minutes after the arrival of the Americans. He had been shot twice, and stabbed in the neck, and his mule taken. The American party followed on, and soon overtook the Mexicans who had committed all these murders. Now for a

deadly fight and fearful retribution! But, alas for the efficiency of Lynch law, "the villains," says the report, "managed to escape, with the loss of their horses, blankets, &c.; one, and perhaps two, of them were wounded." A lame and impotent conclusion, indeed, to a great deal of virtuous indignation.

OFFICIAL CORRUPTION OF THE LATE GOVERNMENT.

LORD DERBY'S Administration fares badly, when viewed from the point of view suggested by the general elections. It is admitted that territorial intimidation was never more resolutely practised. We have seen W. R. engaged in purveying for the Derby bribery, and Colonel Forester and Mr. Forbes Mackenzie closely leagued with Mr. Brown; and now it appears that the Admiralty was as bad as the War-office. Parliamentary papers have been published, which bear out the conclusions of the Chatham Election Committee, and show that the Admiralty unsparingly used its influence in the dockyards. Mr. Stafford, the Secretary to the Admiralty, on his own mere motion, cancelled the regulations, under which all appointments and promotions were made, through the immediate influence of Sir Baldwin Walker, Surveyor of the Navy; and he did this before the elections, and avowedly because his friends complained, on political grounds, of the way in which the surveyor made his appointments. Sir Baldwin took this as "censure on his conduct," and tendered his resignation. Shortly after, Sir Baldwin laid the whole matter before the Duke of Northumberland. When the Chatham exposure was made, Mr. Stafford denied that any correspondence had passed on the subject, or that Sir Baldwin had offered his resignation; and, sure enough, the letters of the surveyor were not in the Admiralty archives. But they have been produced by Sir Baldwin himself, and show, conclusively, that he remonstrated, and tendered his resignation. How Mr. Stafford will get out of the difficulty, we cannot see.

It is pleasant to notice that the present Government have ordered that all promotions shall be made on public grounds, and public grounds alone; and that any official appointing, or procuring the appointment, of any one on personal or political grounds, shall be instantly dismissed. They have restored the duty of recommending the deserving to the Surveyor of the Navy.

THE WHITE SLAVES OF THE WEST END.

WITHIN the fair domain of the ladies who met at Stafford House lies a whole region of slavery where the Aunt Chloes, and Cassys, and Elizas of the fashionable world toil and moil their lives out for the means of living. A "First Hand" in the millinery and dress-making line has made a rent in the curtain and disclosed the white slaves at their work.

"I will now speak of a recent engagement of mine, and which in the 'one' case will illustrate the majority of the 'West-end houses.' I held the position of what is called 'first hand,' and had 12 young people under me. The season commenced about the middle of March. We breakfasted at 8 A.M., which was not allowed to occupy more than a quarter of an hour. The hard work of the day began immediately. At 11 o'clock a small piece of dry bread was brought to each as luncheon. At that hour the young people would often ask my permission to send for a glass of beer, but this was strictly prohibited by the principals, as they insisted that it caused a drowsiness, and so retarded the work. At 1 the dinner bell rang, which repast consisted of a hot joint twice in the week and cold meat the remaining five days, no pudding, and a glass of stout and water to drink. To this meal 20 minutes were given. Work again till the 5 o'clock summons for tea, which occupied 15 minutes. Again to work till called to supper at 9, which also occupied 15 minutes, and consisted of bread, dry cheese, and a glass of beer. All again returned to stitch, stitch, till 1, 2, or 3 in the morning, according to the business, while Saturday night was being anticipated all the week, because then no one would work after 12. With this one night's exception, all the rest we had for three weeks, from the end of May to the middle of June, was from 3 to 6, and two nights during that time we never lay down. I leave your readers to imagine the spectral countenances of us all. I shudder myself when I recall the picture.

"At midnight I very frequently let all put down their work to dose for 10 minutes, while, with my watch on the table, I kept guard, and about 1 each one received a cup of strong tea—as the principals said, 'in case we should feel sleepy, to arouse all to work.' In what state of health would July, the termination of the 'season,' be expected to find us poor 'English slaves?' The sequel is easily told. Each one, instead of going to enjoy a little recreation, went home to lie upon a sick bed. For myself, I was attacked with a serious illness, which laid me up for three months, and has greatly impaired my constitution.

"Now, for this cruel inhuman treatment of womankind, who in dressmaking houses toil harder than any labourer in the brickfield, there is one very simple remedy—employment of a proper number of hands to do the work. There are always plenty seeking employment, but it is from that cold love of gain that those already engaged may work themselves into their coffins in order that their employer's

cash-boxes may be the more speedily filled. With your permission I will here give a few figures.

"I have said that in mine, 'the dressmaking workroom,' there were 12 besides myself. There were also seven in the 'millinery room,' and one in the show rooms. Out of these 21 young persons the following received salaries:—First-hand dressmaker, 40*l.*; first-hand milliner, 40*l.*; second-hand dressmaker, 14*l.*; second-hand milliner, 24*l.*; saleswoman, 20*l.*; while all the rest had paid to their employers good premiums to learn the business. Now, every lady who patronises either Bond-street or its immediate neighbourhood, will at once see that the prices they pay for their goods will amply compensate the person whom they employ to remunerate a sufficient number of people to do their work. Would that such ladies would at once come boldly forward and say they will bestow their patronage on none who permit working more than 12 hours a-day, and even that is longer than any one class of men work. The 'Association' in Clifford-street has done all it could to curtail the hours of labour, but even the houses which it recommends deem from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. 'easy hours.'

"I have lately made an application to one of these for an engagement, and upon my stating that my health would no longer permit my sitting 'long hours,' I was answered, 'Oh, mine are 'very easy,' from 7 in the morning till 10 at night.' I knew, however, that my altered health will not admit of even these 'easy hours,' so I declined it. Perhaps many will say that the system I have spoken of is now rarely adopted. This I positively contradict, as I can prove that it is the general system in 'West-end houses' while the drawing-rooms, state balls, and fashionable *déjeuners* and concerts are pending, while perhaps one or two large *trousseaux* are in hand at the same time."

She follows up the letter by more revelations, this week, pointing out the "crying evil" in millinery and dress-making houses. The "sleeping rooms," or, as she writes, "more properly 'sleeping pens,' in which young people, after a laborious day's work, of perhaps twenty hours out of the twenty-four, are expected to rest, to obtain that refreshing sleep so necessary to fit them for the duties of the day.

"In most of these dormitories six, eight, and even ten, sleep. Imagine the putrid air generated by the breath of ten persons sleeping in one close room, without a chimney or any sort of ventilation, with scarcely space to move in, their own trunks and boxes supplying the place of wash-stand, drawers, and dressing-table. This, I assure you, is the case with all the 'assistants' except the 'first hands,' who always make an arrangement to have either a room to themselves, or shared only with the other 'first hand.' But this is more than the other young people dare to ask for—even dare to wish for—on pain of dismissal, with the reproach, 'Oh, you are too particular for houses of business.' Thus must they quietly submit to all the hardships imposed by their employers; thus their health is injured and their spirit broken, and they are but living shadows. If they cannot—dare not—speak, with whom, then, does it rest? Who ought to speak? Who ought to bring before the public their great oppressions but their 'first hands?' I look upon such a house as a 'miniature kingdom,' the principals as governing it, the 'first hands' as representing the Ministry, the assistants as the community, and we will call the public the judges. Is it not, then, the duty of the 'first hands'—while yet discharging strictly their duty to their employers—to endeavour to remove the evils inflicted on themselves and those under them? Such is my view of the case, and, acting upon it, I have come forward single-handed in the cause, which I do hope will be warmly taken up by those influential persons who, with one word, can call thousands to the field of action. At the onset of my undertaking I was well aware that I should call down upon my head the bitter revenge of all the principals of these houses, nor was I wrong in my conjecture, for there are but few houses at the West-end that are not aware of the name of the writer of these letters, though it has not been published—being determined, if possible, to find out who is the enemy who so daringly advances alone against so many."

"Newington" sends a mite in support of the "undertaking," and the following facts.

"My sister-in-law, an orphan, was apprenticed, and 30*l.* was paid; and what for?—to have the privilege to work seventeen hours per day for three years; that is, taking the average, which is quite under the mark, from seven till twelve for the whole term, except Sundays, both in and out of the season, and ten minutes were allowed for all meals, except dinner, and for that fifteen. I have many mornings seen her return from a short walk in the park when I have just commenced business, accompanied by many others from the same house, who have preferred the quiet walk in the open air on a summer's morn to the hasty repose, which would only be broken in one short hour."

In another letter, the First Hand points to a still more shocking consequence of the system.

"I would ask your permission to make one or two observations with reference to the demoralizing effects produced by the system carried on in these first-class houses, and then I will not further intrude, but hope that a more talented pen than mine will carry out the object I have had in view. On the Sabbath-day we are enjoined to meet in the house of God for prayer. Alas! there are but few young people in these houses of business that do so—and why? Because on the Sunday morning they are but too glad to avail themselves of that rest denied to them through the week. The afternoons and evenings are, in many cases, passed with friends, but there are also many who, having left their country homes for this great metropolis to get a living, have not an acquaintance beyond their workroom companions. With no friends to guide them, no time allowed them for rest, saying nought of re-

ligious improvement, I ask, are those poor creatures to be most blamed or pitied who, listening to the alluring tales of the seducer, perhaps one of those despicable characters who are always on the alert for the weaker of our sex, and whom misfortune may have thrown in their path during the Sunday afternoon's walk—the seducer, who paints in glittering colours the comparative ease they may enjoy if submitting to his advances? Are they to be most blamed or pitied who, with this alluring picture before their eyes, and wearied with their existing state of slavery, give themselves up to be the slaves of sin, without even one thought of the fearful vortex into which they are plunging? I have witnessed these evils myself, and on remonstrating with those so fallen, this has been the reply, 'Oh, anything to get out of these dens of toil, where all we seem to live for is work.' If there was proper time allowed for bodily and mental recreation, milliners and dressmakers would no longer be spoken of lightly of as at present. Most of them have been well educated, and are fitted for a much more useful sphere than it is their lot to move in, though we do not all possess the same amount of moral courage to resist temptation in the midst of trial. It appears to me that those employers who stand callously looking on while they are precipitately hurrying so many young women to an early grave—who in their establishments are sowing the seeds and witnessing the growth of immorality and consumption in those whom they employ, without stretching out a helping hand to save them, will have a serious account to answer for in that great day of retribution when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed—when prince and peasant shall stand side by side, and each be rewarded according to their works."

Shall we have a meeting at Stafford-house to chronicle, whereat the Mistress of the Robes herself will propose some remedy to emancipate the white slaves of the West End?

JOURNAL OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

LAST October, our readers may remember, we recorded an "accident" at the Portobello station on the North British Railway. A train, laden with pig-iron, was left on the wrong line, and consequently ran over by the mail-train. The guard of the goods-train was killed. In consequence, three "officials" were tried at Edinburgh last week before the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Wood, and Lord Cowan.

John McDonald, the driver of the goods engine, Thomas Wilson, station-master, Portobello, and John Hogarth, porter, were placed at the bar charged with culpable homicide, and also culpable neglect of duty—McDonald for neglecting his duty, immediately on arrival, to proceed with his train to the first offset or siding which would hold it clear of the main line; Wilson for neglecting to give orders immediately to clear the line, as he was bound to do if any goods-train arrived within fifteen minutes of the mail-train, and for neglecting to see the necessary signals presented to the mail-train; and Hogarth for neglecting to present the signals.

Hogarth was acquitted. The charges against the other two were proved. The following evidence by Mr. Rowbotham, the general manager, was subsequently unadverted on by the Court:—

"A goods or luggage-train is not allowed to leave fifteen minutes before a mail-train, and it is the duty of a station-master, if it arrives within fifteen minutes, not to allow it to proceed. It was the duty of the engine-man of the goods-train to have removed his goods-train before the mail-train was due. Three or five minutes previous would have been enough. To have done so sooner might have rather impeded than promoted the safety of the line. The goods-engine had a certain work to do, and if it could do its work within the time that night, it would rather have promoted the safety of the line than obstructed it. Being at the station thirteen minutes before the mail-train, it was not the engine-man's duty to take his train immediately off the line, for the work would then have to be done after the mail-train had passed. I have not been able to find the regulations of any company providing that a train at a station should be shunted fifteen or thirteen minutes before the arrival of the next train. The fifteen minutes in advance might be necessary for a train proceeding on its journey, but not for a train at a station protected by signals. In the case in question, it was a matter of expediency for the engine-man to remove his train three to five or six minutes before the passenger-train was expected. When a train is at a station, it ought to be fortified by a signal, and it is safer to stop at a station than on the line. I think that they ought to have begun to take the goods-engine on the line five minutes before the mail-train was due. This could have been done in two minutes. By the regulations it was the duty of Mr. Wilson, if he were there, and if not, the porter in charge, to order the engine-man to remove the train from the line before the mail-train was due. It was the driver's duty also to do it of himself, and even against the orders of the guard. The guard of the train was the proper person to select the manner of shunting the waggons, and to prescribe the evolutions of the train, and it was the engine-man's duty to obey, unless he thought there would be danger in executing the orders of the guard. Although by the rules the goods engine-man is instructed to have the line cleared fifteen minutes previous to the expected arrival of a passenger-train, there are some of the rules we should not expect to be so strictly enforced in the case of a pilot or jobbing engine, and especially in cases of emergency. I think this was a case of emergency."

The Lord Justice Clerk, in charging the Jury, said, the prisoners were charged with culpable homicide and culpable neglect of duty.

If there were any fault on their part which contributed to the death of Ogilvie, they were guilty of the charge, whichever way they took it. It was of no importance that, what seemed to be the concomitant of every railway catastrophe, several other persons were involved in it. They had to say if guilt was proved against the persons charged. It was not enough to consider the charges merely as breaches of the rules of the railway company. It was only so far as the acts of negligence led to danger of life that the rules were of importance. The testimony of the manager, Mr. Rowbotham, showed how dreadful was the result of that carelessness which such lax notions on the part of superior officers on railways encouraged. It showed how heavy was the responsibility of superior officers who would take on themselves to support such views as to the duty of their inferiors. It was by the propagation of such notions, by railway superiors sanctioning such lax and such dangerous tampering with minutes, by encouraging them to run such risks, by holding out that such things could be done within a minute or two, that the safety of the public was endangered daily; and most heavy was the moral and the legal responsibility of persons who held out such doctrines as these.

The Jury retired, and after half an hour's absence, returned with the following verdict:—Wilson, *Guilty* of culpable neglect of duty in not clearing the station, and M'Donald also *Guilty*, with this extenuation,—that he was under the impression that he should attend to the orders of the guard.

The next day another official was tried, but the charge against him was "not proven." But the trial disclosed the fact, that there was no individual having charge to direct the succession of trains leaving Edinburgh station, so that a goods train and a passenger train might be started simultaneously, there being no communication between the two departments. Several of the witnesses stated, that the rules of the company were generally understood to be inapplicable to, and were not generally acted upon at, the Edinburgh station; and the great laxity that prevailed was warmly commented on by counsel on both sides.

The Lord Justice Clerk, in summing up, said that, after the disclosures that had been made, it was plain that on another such occasion it would be the parties responsible for maintaining such a state of things that would be put at the bar—directors or manager. The same state of matters seemed to have been continued even after this accident, and neither the manager nor the directors seemed to have taken any steps whatever to prevent the repetition of such accidents. Of course such a state of things was maintained at their own peril; and if another such catastrophe occurred, they had received a pretty plain intimation as to how the public prosecutor would deal with those who persisted in maintaining it.

Wilson was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and M'Donald, who was recommended to mercy by the jury, to four months.

In England, Miss Barlow, a governess, has obtained 375*l.*, as compensation, from the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, for injuries received in an accident at the Bootle-lane station.

Our readers will perceive with wonder that we have no railway accident to chronicle this week in our journal.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE "MERMAID."

[FROM a letter received from Australia, written by Mr. Henry Thomas Holyoake, we make the following extracts of practical interest. It is dated Melbourne, December, 1852, and addressed to us.]

SIR,—The readers of the *Leader* may perhaps be glad of a practical fact or two from this quarter, where I have arrived just long enough to look round me. Anyhow you may be willing to tolerate a communication from a co-(marine) journalist, for into such I have been transmuted.

Understanding that people who journey "Diggings" ward should learn self-reliance as soon as possible, I thought it prudent to cultivate that quality on the way, and as an introduction to collecting "Nuggets" in Australia, I tried my hand at collecting one by the road. You will say there are no "diggings" on the sea, but there are diggings everywhere to the open eye and the working hand. On board the *Panama* I found Mr. Preston, formerly employed as a writing clerk in your office, and we concerted a journal which, not having the fear of the Stamp-office before our eyes, became a regular marine newspaper. In the neighbourhood of the Canary Islands you may set Somerset House at defiance. We called our paper the *Mermaid*, which I composed, and Mr. Preston copied, and which we sold at half-a-crown each number. It was not only the *Leader* of the *Panama*, but was, in fact (competition being impossible), the "leading journal" of those seas. We had numerous subscribers, and when a memorable incident occurred, a great demand for our journal; and when the First Mate, Mr. John Henry Allen, fell overboard and was drowned, the copies rose to five shillings each in the captain's cabin. Like all exemplary journalists, we exercised a moral influence; and public delinquents, both in the higher and lower classes in our vessel, were careful not to appear in our "Police Reports." By the end of the voyage, myself and colleague were much the richer for our literary experiment.

On Monday morning, October 11, 1852, we came in sight of land. On the following morning we entered Port Philip Heads, and anchored before William's Town, in

sight of the town of Melbourne, after a beautiful passage of one hundred days. Before us lay the strand of Australia, stretching for miles round a very grand-looking bay. The sky was blue, and the sun hotter and brighter than in England. After our ship had come to anchor about an hour, a little schooner put off to us. We asked the four men who came on board, how the gold diggings were getting on, how provisions sold, and if there were any good and cheap lodgings to be had? They began to laugh, and with a significant shake of the head, recommended us to stay till we got on shore, and then we should find out. We did not consider that answer satisfactory. "Well," said an old man, "you can't get a house, room, cellar, or stable for less than 3*l.* 10*s.* per week." "What does bread sell at?" we asked. He replied, "2*s.* 6*d.* for a 4*lb.* loaf, and that you can't say will hurt you. Besides, I'll tell you something else. If you want a dinner of common bread and potatoes, it will cost 2*s.* 6*d.*; if a bed to sleep in, 5*s.*; and if you have any coppers in your pockets, keep them there, for you won't get anybody to take them!" We thought he was joking, till we wanted to go on shore next morning, when we found every word quite true. We were charged 5*s.* a-head to be taken on shore in a steamer, only one mile and a half; and when we wanted to return to the ship again, the boatmen demanded 10*s.* each. We gave them 7*s.* 6*d.*

I got on shore by eleven o'clock, and into Melbourne by one. I had to pay 15*s.* to come in the steamer from the ship to Melbourne, a distance of ten miles. I offered a poor-looking Irishman 10*s.* to take my boxes from the ship into the town. He said, "Well, if you can't afford to pay 1*l.*, I will give you 10*s.*; and put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of sovereigns, and offered me his hand to take from. I told him I did not want his money, but that I could not pay 1*l.* "Well, then," said he, "put your boxes in my dray, and I will take them for nothing, and you shall give me the money some other day." I ultimately gave him 18*s.* It cost me altogether in getting from the *Panama* to Melbourne, 3*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* The first thing I did after dinner was to go and look for work as a saddler, having taken the precaution to provide myself with the means of pursuing that avocation if opportunity offered and necessity induced. The first shop I entered afforded me an engagement, where I am now piece-master foreman in Mr. Kidd's establishment, and I earn, by my own hand labour, 10*l.* per week, On Saturday, November 27, I settled for four saddles at 3*l.* 10*s.* each; my wages were consequently 14*l.* Yes, the sum of 14*l.* for one week's work! You may say you cannot believe it, but it is quite true. There have been more gold diggings discovered this week near Mount Alexander; and the consequence will be that saddlery will be dearer and wages higher than ever.

There are many men up at the "diggings" making their 50*l.* and 100*l.* a day. You will doubtless ask why I am not there also. My answer is, I can do better in town. You must remember, that though hundreds are doing well at the diggings there are thousands starving. There are at this moment more than 100,000 diggers, and if you divide amongst them the gold found it will not average 3*l.* per man per week. Certainly I might be one of the "lucky dogs," and make my fortune in a month, but against that you must place nearly 100,000 chances.

It was my opinion before leaving England, that a man could get more in town, by working for the diggers, than he could by being a digger himself. Experience has confirmed that impression. Daily there are men coming down from the diggings weary and heart-broken at their ill success; whilst, on the other hand, there are men coming into town mad with the dazzling fortunes they have made. Putting these facts together, my argument is this. I am getting, and can continue to get, 10*l.* per week. That is sure and safe. Now, I must be very fortunate indeed if I made more than 10*l.* per week at the diggings. Where the majority of the new and old comers make a fatal mistake is here. They hear of some digger getting three, four, five, and even six hundred pounds' worth of gold in a week; then away they rush, never thinking for a moment that the fortunate man has, in all probability, been digging for six or more months, at an expense of about 6*l.* per week, before meeting with this good luck. If we consider that a man who gets out of a hole 500*l.* worth of gold, spends in the getting 6*l.* per week for six months, with the additional expense of being idle a month before in preparing to dig, and a month after in disposing of what he has dug, he will not be found to be much better off, either in pocket or health, than the man who has been earning in town 10*l.* or even 6*l.* per week. I shall do better in town than at the diggings, as will nearly all who know a trade.—Yours faithfully (the late)

"EDITOR OF THE 'MERMAID.'"

"I CAN'T THINK WHAT POSSESSED ME TO DO IT."

An elderly respectable-looking man, who gave the name of *Edward Langley*, and described himself as private secretary to a gentleman, but afterwards admitted that his name was *Forbes*, and that he was the secretary and treasurer of the Camden-town Auxiliary Association in connexion with the City of London Mission, was charged at Bow-street, on Wednesday, with stealing two newspapers from a coffee-shop.

The prosecutor, Henry Wheeler, stated that he kept the Commercial Coffee-house, in Chandos-street. At about half-past eight o'clock, on Tuesday evening, witness saw the prisoner in the coffee-room, and having had occasion to suspect him previously, watched his movements. Shortly afterwards he saw him fold up two newspapers, and place them in his pocket; and when he left, witness followed him into the street, and taxed him with the robbery. The prisoner then took the papers out of his pocket, and said, "Oh, Mr. Wheeler, here are your newspapers," at the same time throwing them down. Accordingly witness gave him into custody.

The officer produced a number of prints, tracts, papers,

&c., which he found upon the prisoner. The latter included a list of subscriptions to the Pratt-street Auxiliary Association.

The Prisoner—Believe me, your worship, I cannot think what possessed me to take up these papers. I deny that I ever took any before. I had plenty of money to purchase them if I wished to do so. I had been drinking with a friend, and my mind must have been affected.

Mr. Henry—Can you refer me to any person who knew you, to speak to your character?

The Prisoner—I could do so, but it would be my ruin. If this goes forth I am a lost man.

Mr. Henry—But it must go forth. All I know of you is, that you have committed a robbery, and I shall commit you for trial at once if you decline to state where you live. I see by this subscription list that there are several contributors of a guinea each to some religious association. Can you refer to any one of them?

The Prisoner—That list was the result of a meeting at the chapel of the Rev. Mr. Rogers, in behalf of our mission. They do not know me except as a servant in the camp.

Mr. Henry—Then you decline to give any reference?

The Prisoner (after a pause)—Then I must confess that my name is not Langley, and it would be idle to say that I was drunk. I was not intoxicated. My name is *Forbes*. I am very well known—even in this neighbourhood—as a respectable man. I cannot account for this folly.

The Prosecutor—Last Monday week I saw him, separate four pages of the *Weekly Dispatch* from the other portion of the paper; and after he was gone the pages were missing.

The Prisoner—No, no; I never read the *Weekly Dispatch*. Never, believe me.

Mr. Henry—I shall remand you for a week, in order that the officer may make some inquiries about you.

The prisoner begged his worship not to detain him, but he was committed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEEN VICTORIA returned to Buckingham Palace, on Thursday. Nothing has occurred to break the quietude of the Court. Her Majesty has driven out two or three times, lately; and Prince Albert has been a good deal on horseback. The guests at the Castle have been all Ministers.

On Monday next a public meeting will be held at Sydenham, of those favourable to the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday. Mr. Peter Taylor will take the chair at seven o'clock. The friends of Sunday Reform are recommended to be early in attendance on this occasion.

Mr. Braithwaite Poole, the manager of the Liverpool station of the North Western Railway, received the men on strike on Saturday; agreed to pay them wages at the advanced rate, provisionally; and promised to submit their claims to the proprietors. Thereupon the men resumed work.

The agricultural labourers of Chipping Warden, a village near Banbury, struck work on Monday. The men have been paid 8*s.* per week for working from seven to half-past five o'clock. The masters required them from Monday last to work from half-past six to a quarter to six, for which they proposed to pay them 9*s.* per week, being an advance of 1*s.* The men refused the terms. They had a meeting, and determined to hold out in a body. The farmers are, it appears, determined to have their proposal accepted to if they advance the pay. The miners of the West of England have also struck for an advance; and during the past week, the coal miners of the Glasgow district, numbering about 2000 men, have been on the strike; but the employers have acceded to their request, and will pay them an advance, amounting from 6*d.* to 8*d.* per day.

Manchester has followed the lead of Liverpool. The railway porters of the North Western station there assembled on Thursday, to deliberate on the propriety of obtaining an advance. They proposed that the manager, Mr. Salt, should meet them. A foreman suggested that they should send a deputation to Mr. Salt. Why did they not at once lay their case before him? Mr. Salt declined to meet them, but would receive a deputation. Very properly the men declined to delegate a few who might be singled out for punishment. They waited, therefore, in a body, on Mr. Salt, who made them a long speech, urging the superior manliness of asking first, and if they struck, a course he should oppose with all his power, do it afterwards. He promised that their demands should be fairly considered.

During Easter the fine old mansion of Paxhill—one of the Elizabethan houses of East Sussex, coeval with Wakehurst and Brambletye, and now the residence of Mr. Arthur Smith—has been the seat of great festivity. Dancing, private theatricals, fireworks, balloon ascents, and charades, succeeding each other without intermission. The party in the house comprised Sir George Armytage, Captain de Bathe, Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Dixon, of Wyvilfield, Captain Bishop-Culpepper, Mr. and Mrs. Brandram, Mr. and Mrs. Beni, the Misses Covey, Mrs. and Miss Crawford, Miss Hay, Miss Reeks, Mr. Collingwood Ibbotson, Mr. Howard Russell, Mr. A. Pratt Barlow, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. T. Knox Holmes, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Albert

Smith, Mr. Edward Smyth Pigott, Mr. Robins. In the course of an exhibition of fireworks on the lawn, Mr. Albert Smith and one of the gentlemen present had a narrow escape from losing their eyesight, by the bursting of an imperfect rocket in their faces, with sufficient force to blow their caps off. The face of the former gentleman was scorched by the powder, but beyond the temporary pain no further harm ensued.

Lord John Russell will state the intentions of the Government with regard to education on Monday next.

The Earl of Carlisle was installed Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, on Wednesday. He delivered his inaugural address on Thursday.

Lord St. Germans attended the cattle show of the Royal Dublin Society, held on Tuesday. Many English exhibitors carried away prizes. Lord St. Germans hoped the Irish would soon bring them back.

Great preparations are being made to receive Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Glasgow; where she is to be duly lionized.

One of the new candidates for Lancaster is Mr. Thomas Greene, member for the borough for so many years, but defeated at the July election. The other is Mr. John Armstrong, brother of the unsent member, a Liberal who does not canvass, and is rigid as to electoral purity.

We regret to state that the borough of Blackburn has further disgraced itself by a series of riots, committed since the election. The special constables of the town being wholly useless, it was found necessary again to call in the assistance of the military. It appears that the roughs engaged in the election were armed with the most formidable weapons, and it is stated that there are grounds for believing that the material with which they were composed, iron and lead, had been obtained from some factory, leading to the inference that factory hands were engaged in the riot.

The commissioners have just issued notice that all Government emigrants will be required to sign a written agreement that, if they go to the gold fields or quit the colony within four years after landing, they must pay to the colonial Government a proportionate part of their passage-money, at the rate of 4s. per adult for each year wanting to complete four years from landing.

On Wednesday a mournful spectacle was presented at St. Pancras Workhouse. Nearly 200 families demanded admission to the workhouse. It appears that the paving board of the south-western district resolved to carry out the powers of their Act of Parliament and cause the removal of all the stalls which have for the last quarter of a century occupied the western side of Tottenham-court-road. The requisite notice to the stall-keepers having expired, they were removed on Monday. The entire staff of relieving officers were engaged the whole day in affording temporary relief pending inquiry into the cases.

The Rev. Dr. Worthington, the incumbent of Trinity district, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn-above-Bar, and the Rev. George Mansfield, the incumbent of St. Peter's district, having caused summonses to be issued against several hundred parishioners for non-payment of tithes, a meeting of inhabitants was held on Tuesday evening at the Yorkshire Grey Tavern, King's-road, to consider the propriety of opposing such legal proceedings. Mr. John Lloyd in the chair. From the statements made it appeared that many of the persons summoned had not paid tithes, nor had they ever been demanded from them for upwards of twenty years. In the year 1712 proceedings were commenced in the Court of Exchequer against the inhabitants for tithes, and it was decided that tithes were due from forty-eight houses only, though they were now demanded from a larger portion of the parish. A strong opinion was expressed that the demand was made without legal authority, in the expectation that the claims would be complied with, in order to prevent litigation. It was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Low, "That, in the event of proceedings being taken against any of the parishioners, measures of resistance should be adopted."

Bearing date Wednesday, the *Times* prints the following letter:—"The *Agamemnon*, 91, screw two-decker, (crew 1000), Captain Sir Thomas Maitland, C.B., continues infected with sickness, which, we regret to state, is on the increase. It seems a most remarkable fact, that a vessel infected with contagious fever should have been brought into a thickly populated harbour, and no other means adopted to abate the visitation than merely turning the crew into a hulk, and lashing that hulk to the infected ship, or, vice versa, and fumigating her. This, we believe, is all that has been done. If other steps have been taken, we have not heard of them, and the matter of the peculiar treatment of this sickly ship has now become the talk of the port. Why has not a board of medical officers been appointed to inquire into the cause of the fever, with the view to its abatement? We believe upwards of 300 of the *Agamemnon's* crew are still 'down with the fever' even at this distant date since her breeding the infection. Dr. Sir William Burnett, K.C.B., K.C.H., F.R.S., Director-General of the Medical Department of the Navy, has arrived at the port to-day, to institute inquiry personally into this case, and is extending the accommodation within the Naval Hospital at Haslar for patients afflicted with the class of fever which is going through the *Agamemnon's* crew. The extraordinary case this ship represents ought to be made the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry."

The last mail from Australia contained several thousand registered letters; nearly a thousand of them were for Ireland. There were some for almost every town in the kingdom. About forty were for Manchester.

The largest fragment of pure gold yet discovered in Australia is being shown in the city. It weighs over 45lbs., is worth £2000, and its possessors call it the "John Bull nugget." It was found in White Horse-gully, "near Port Phillip" (as the papers not very exactly specify.) It is intended for public exhibition.

Terrible earthquakes occurred in the Dutch spice islands

last December—it lasted nearly a month! It was accompanied by the most wonderful motion of the sea. Bays were half emptied at times, and at others the awful waves swept over the land. Houses were thrown down; lives lost; and for several days people could not stand at all. Many islands are totally ruined.

Some of the establishments in Southampton are endeavouring to prevent their clerks leaving them by inducing them to enter into bonds to remain with them a certain number of years. Mr. Mare, the eminent ship-builder, who has commenced the building of works close to Southampton for repairing the steamers of the General Screw Company, is about to build one hundred cottages for his workmen. There is also pleasant news of another kind from the Liverpool of the south. In the heart of the town of Southampton there are about one hundred acres of land, called East and West Marlans, Houndwell, and Hoglands, in which the inhabitants have common rights during some portion of the year, and private individuals have privileges the other portion. The townspeople, through the medium of their municipal corporation, have nearly completed the purchase of the whole of the privileges of private individuals on these lands, and are going to plant the latter ornamentally, to form public pleasure grounds. In another twelvemonth these grounds, it is expected, will be planted and open for the pleasure and recreation of the public all the year round. A botanic garden, a maze, and an observatory, will as soon as possible be formed and erected on the grounds. A portion of the land is to be set aside for a cricket ground.

Doncaster Church is to be "restored." At a public meeting in Doncaster on Tuesday, much enthusiasm prevailed, and several subscriptions were announced for the re-edification. The Archbishop of York spoke earnestly, and Lord Harewood seconded him, giving the homely advice that in the new church the flues should be kept in proper order, and that the church should not be built of limestone, (in quenching the late fire the water used did as much damage to the outer limestone walls as the fire itself.) The Queen, breaking through the rule of not giving a subscription for a purely local purpose, has given 100l.; the Archbishop of York 500l.; Mr. Wrightson, M.P., 500l.; the High Sheriff of Yorkshire, 100l.; Mr. J. Brown, 350l.; Mr. Denison, M.P., 200l.; Sir C. Wood, 200l.; Mr. Childers, 200l.; Mr. Brooke, 200l.; Lord Feversham, 150l.; and Lords Carlisle, Harewood, and Londesborough, 100l. each. Entirely, over seventeen thousand pounds has been already collected.

Another church, that of St. Hilary, Cornwall, has been destroyed by fire. "There were no stained windows, and it was altogether a plain building." It had been built early in the seventeenth century: and is now to be rebuilt in a better style. The stove for warming the church is believed to have caused the disaster in some unexplained way.

Letters from St. Petersburg mention a disastrous fire at the port of Cronstadt. All the principal timber wharfs had been burnt, and the loss is estimated at between 500,000 and 600,000 silver roubles. It happened that the quantity remaining in stock in consequence of the want of shipping last autumn was unusually large, and hence the evil is more serious than would otherwise have been the case.

The Wigan explosion, briefly mentioned last week, appears to have been far more fatal than was at first supposed. The total ascertained number of deaths now amounts to fifty-seven; nine bodies have been recovered since Saturday, and one of the men recovered alive from the mine, named Robert Ainscough, having died on that morning. He appeared to be suffering from asphyxia. An inquest was held on his body on Monday, before Mr. Grimshaw, the borough coroner, and adjourned till Monday next, to await the result of the inquiry before Mr. Driffield. From a careful examination of the appearance of the workings of the Arley mine, Mr. Darlington, the Ince-hall Company's manager, has come to the conclusion that the explosion did not originate near the furnace, as was at first supposed, but at a point about 800 yards distant from it, in the north workings. This leads to the opinion that the catastrophe must have been the result of neglect on the part of some of the colliers in leaving open one of the air doors immediately adjoining the seat of the explosion, so as to change the course of the ventilation, and allow the gas to accumulate, otherwise it is believed that the immense ventilating power in the mine would have been sufficient to prevent such a disaster originating in that part of the mine. A sick and burial fund exists among the Ince-hall Company's colliers, from which 3l. will be paid towards the funeral of each one who has lost his life by the late catastrophe, and the coffins are supplied gratuitously by the company. The funerals of twenty-one of the deceased took place on Sunday last in the burial-ground of the parish church, and some four or five others were interred in the graveyards of the Catholic chapels.

Saunders, the murderer of Toller, was hung at Chelmsford on Wednesday. To the last he protested that he killed Toller in self-defence.

A well-dressed man can be great in the assaulting line for 20s. Joseph Goodman insulted a married woman in Whitechapel at night; her husband came to protect her, and Goodman struck him fiercely. The price of this, according to Mr. D'Eyncourt's tariff, is 20s.

Savage uncles did not go out with the Children in the Wood. Lately one Pinkett had an orphan nephew named Brown in the workhouse; moved by capricious benevolence the uncle took him out, and carried him home. Young Brown, only four years old, offended Uncle Pinkett, whereupon he brutally beat the child. He has been properly sent to prison for six months.

Australia is not quite out of the reach of the London police. In the beginning of last year a fellow calling himself "Spriggs and Company," obtained goods on credit, and converting them into the sterling coin of the realm, set out for Australia in the *Cleopatra*. An officer went after him in the *Sarah Sands*, arrived at Port Phillip three

days before the *Cleopatra*, arrested his man, and is now en route with him to Newgate!

Glasgow and Edinburgh are having a dispute about intemperance, and "drunken rows" of figures stagger through the contending columns of our contemporaries. The object of the controversy is to decide in which city intemperance most obtains. It seems now settled that in Edinburgh the cases of drunkenness are one in eighteen of the population, and in Glasgow one in thirteen. "There we are," says the *Scotsman*, "Edinburgh low, but Glasgow lower still." A claim to the unenviable honour has been put in by Dundee.

On Sunday, Mr. Everett, an expelled minister, having been announced to preach in the Wesleyan Chapel at Yeaton, near Leeds, and being prevented by a legal process, a number of the reformers attacked the house of the chapel-keeper, and began to break the doors and windows, when a gun was discharged from within, and one of the men wounded in the legs. Constables having been called in, took five men who were in the house into custody.—*Exeter Flying Post*.

Somersetshire and Cumberland furnish two striking instances of the agricultural mode of love-making. The facts were brought out at the Taunton and Liverpool assizes. At the former, Elizabeth Crocker brought an action for breach of promise against an ignorant but wealthy farmer named Moore. The girl lived as domestic servant with Moore, and he was so smitten with her charms that he offered to marry her. She refused, because she loved "Charley Rawle," and left his service. Thereupon much negotiation ensued, and ultimately she went back to his service, but left it again, renewed her intimacy with Rawle, and was again wooed back by Moore, he calling from day to day entreating her to give him her company, talking about his property, and even parading his bullocks before her father's house. He said he was worth 5000l. Finally she went back, was seduced, and sent home again. Then Moore bought a ring, fixed the wedding-day, and again broke off the marriage. In defence it was alleged by several witnesses that Miss Elizabeth was unchaste; that she kissed the country bumpkins, was on most intimate terms with Rawle, going to him when he was in bed and so on. But the jury did not credit these witnesses, Rawle himself included, and gave damages 300l.

The Cumberland case was tried at Liverpool. Young Selkirk, a farmer's son, courted Hannah Singleton. He met her at a fair, came afterwards to see her, at night, at her father's house (it was common in Cumberland to court late at night), told her he would marry her, seduced her, gave her medicine, and deserted her. A child was born. The lawyer for the defence said, that the negligence of the father in permitting these nightly visits to his daughter at his house was so great as to disentitle him to any serious amount of damages, and that if such a custom existed in Cumberland as had been proved, there ought to be another custom, that no actions for seduction should be brought. Damages 50l.

Another case of the same kind was also tried at Liverpool. Young Syddall, the son of a calico printer, at Marple, induced Agnes Alexander, his father's servant, to run away with him. They fled to Greta Green, saw the famous blacksmith, but were not married either in the Scotch or English fashion. They returned to Liverpool, young Syddall writing to the parent Alexanders that their daughter was married to him. In about two months he grew tired of her, and deserted her. Being a sensible girl she applied to a solicitor. She had a child born. By the advice of the solicitor the action was brought. Damages 50l.

Adelaide Mordaunt, for a lark, donned the uniform of a midwife, being "fair" time, and resolved to have a lark. She went into a public house, and called for grog, talking big about the sea. Questioned by a sailor, it was readily discovered that the seeming midshipman was an impostor, whereupon he threw beer at the sailor, and kicked up a row. A policeman, knowing her real sex, took her into custody. She was a very troublesome woman. The Southwark magistrate said, it could not be permitted that a woman like the defendant should go about assuming men's dress, insulting persons, and disturbing a neighbourhood. He should therefore commit her for seven days. Miss Adelaide: What am I to do? You don't intend, I hope, to send me to gaol in this uniform? The magistrate said, that if she did not provide herself with change, she must be taken off with the other prisoners in the van as she was. Adelaide, exclaiming, "This is a pretty go," was then taken away by the gaoler.

The *Kentish Gazette* contains the following story of what it calls "a singular discovery made in France by a M. Fabre, a humble gardener of Ayde, but of some local note as a botanist. The herb *ergilops*, heretofore considered as worse than useless, grows abundantly on the Mediterranean. It produces a species of grain resembling wheat in form, but much smaller. In the year 1830 M. Fabre sowed a quantity of this grain, and he was struck by observing that the produce of it seemed to bear a close affinity to wheat. The produce he sowed the next year, and the yield was still more like wheat. He went on sowing the yield in that way, year after year, and each year found a marked improvement in the produce, until at last he had the satisfaction of getting as fine a crop of wheat, and of as good quality, as could wish to be seen. At first he produced his crops in a garden, but his later sowings were made broadcast in an open field. Thus then a wild and mischievous herb, which is particularly destructive to barley crops, can be educated into excellent wheat."

According to a Parliamentary paper just issued, it appears that the total expenditure for the relief of the poor in Ireland during the last quarter of the last five years, was—in 1848, 425,045l.; in 1849, 302,976l.; in 1850, 247,271l.; in 1851, 200,428l.; and in 1852, 187,000l. The total number on the relief lists during the same periods were successively, 635,106, 290,015, 200,533, 166,235, and 141,822. The mortality decreased progressively from 8.6 per 1000 in 1848 to 2.4 in 1852.

ERRATUM.

We have received the following letter, and readily insert it to correct the error committed in our last number:—

To the Editor of the Leader.

Oxf. 21, March 31, 1853.

SIR,—In the *Leader* of Saturday last there is a paragraph stating that "Mr. Parker, well known as the Oxford bookseller, has been sued for 200*l.* by Mr. Metcalf," &c. This is a mistake which I will thank you to correct. The action was brought against my namesake Mr. John William Parker of West Strand, and not against me.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HENRY PARKER.

Oxford, and 377, Strand.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE deaths in London, which had declined to 1274 in the previous week rose again in the week that ended last Saturday to 1321. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52, the average number of deaths was 1165, which, with a correction for increase of population, gives a mortality for last week of 1292. The actual number of deaths registered last week therefore exceeds the estimated amount by 39. In comparing the results of the last two weeks in reference to fatal diseases, there appears a considerable uniformity, except in pthisis, the mortality of which rose from 131 to 153, and pneumonia, which declined from 101 to 88. Bronchitis numbered in the two weeks respectively, 174 and 175 deaths, which is double the average at this period of the year; whooping-cough, 70 and 65; typhus, 56, and 53. The mortality from scarlatina continued the same, and amounted in each week to 37.

Last week the births of 752 boys and 728 girls, in all 1480 children, were registered in London. In the eight corresponding weeks of the years 1845-52, the average number was 1556.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 17th of March, at West Farleigh, the wife of Anthony Fitzherbert, Esq.: a son.

On the 24th, at 65, Guildford-street, the wife of the Rev. J. R. Major, M.A.: a daughter.

On the 25th, at Highgate, the wife of the Rev. J. B. Dyne, head master of Highgate School: a daughter.

On the 26th, in Westbourne-terrace, Mrs. Cobden: a daughter.

On the 28th, at Navenby, Lincolnshire, the wife of the Rev. Charles Churchill Crankthorpe: a daughter.

On the 28th, at 39, Stanhope-street, the wife of Thomas Thornycroft, sculptor: a daughter.

On the 28th, at 12, Upper Belgrave-street, the Duchess of Marlborough: a son.

On the 29th, at No. 20, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the wife of H. B. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.: a son.

On the 29th, at Guildford-street, the wife of Thomas Wakley, Esq., F.R.C.S.: a son, stillborn.

At the Manor-house, Horsham, Sussex, the wife of Edward Frederic, Esq., of Warrnam-court: a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

On the 23rd ult., at Dorsington Rectory, Stratford-on-Avon, William Edmund Blackburn, of Banwell, Somersetshire, to Fanny, only daughter of William Somerville A'kmuty, Esq.

On the 23rd of October, at St. Paul's Church, Auckland, New Zealand, Francis Beaumaris Bulkeley, Esq., H.M. Sixty-fifth Regiment, eldest son of J. J. Bulkeley, of Linden-hill, Berks, and Deputy-Lieutenant of the county, to Rosanna Maria, eldest daughter of Major Cockcroft, H.M. Fifty-eighth Regiment.

On the 29th of March, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. Henry Jerome De Salis, rector of Fringford, youngest son of the late Count De Salis, to Grace Elizabeth, third daughter of the Right Hon. J. W. Henley, M.P. of Waterperry, Oxon.

On the 29th, at Rollstone, Gilbert Heathcote, Esq., third son of Sir William Heathcote, Bart., of Hursley-park, Hants, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Captain William Arthur Heathcote, of Rollstone, Wilts.

On the 29th, at Cawthorne, Percival Andree Pickering, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, to Anna Maria Wilhelmina, eldest daughter of John Spencer Stanhope, Esq., of Cannon-hall, near Barnsley, Yorkshire, and Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope.

On the 29th, at Chew Magna, Somerset, Ashfield Church Hope, of Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, and Queen's-road, Regent's-park, solicitor, to Elizabeth Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rear Admiral Grosset, of Clifton, Gloucestershire.

On the 30th, at St. Pancras Church, Thomas Hahnd Fischer, of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, second son of the late Sir Frederick Fischer, of the Bengal Army, to Agnes Adamina, third daughter of the late Major-General Hogg, of Wimbledon, Surrey.

On the 30th, at Goostray, Cheshire, the Rev. Octavius Luard, youngest son of the late Peter John Luard, Esq., of Blyborough-hall, Lincolnshire, to Sarah Maria, only daughter of the late William Charles Booth, Esq., of Twemlow-hall, Cheshire.

DEATHS.

On the 6th of November, at Dorral, Port Stephen, aged sixty-five, A. W. Blane, Esq., Deputy-Governor of the Australian Agricultural Company, and formerly in the service of Her Majesty's Government at the Cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius.

On the 2nd of December, at Hobart-town, Van Diemen's-land, aged seventy-two, the Rev. William Bedford, D.D., senior chaplain.

On the 13th of February, of fever, Loftus Francis Jones, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second West India Regiment, in command at the Island of St. Vincent.

On the 17th, at Madeira, of gastric fever, Juliana Agnets, youngest daughter of the late Sir Charles Wager Watson, Bart., of Wratting-park, Cambridgeshire.

On the 22nd, at his residence, St. George's, Bermuda, after a very brief illness, in the nineteenth year of his age, Robert Lee, Esq., Assistant Commissary-General.

On the 18th of March, at Great Malvern, Mrs. Parker, widow of the late Colonel Parker, of Astle, in the county of Cheshire, and sister of the Right Hon. Lord Delamere, aged seventy-six.

On the 22nd, at Brussels, Ann Francis, relict of the late Sir Frederick Falkner, Bart., late of Abbotstown, county of Dublin.

On the 25th, at No. 25, Torrington-square, Edward Herbert Fitzherbert, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, aged forty-eight.

On the 25th, in London, Lieutenant-Colonel William Cameron Forbes, Royal Engineers.

On the 30th, at 39, Hyde-park-square, Anne Louise, relict of the late General the Hon. Robert Meade, aged sixty-eight, and sister of W. W. Dalling, Bart., of Epsom-house, Norfolk.

On the 29th, at his residence, Spalding, Lincolnshire, Theophilus Fairfax Johnson, Esq., one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and Deputy-Lieutenant, in his sixty-third year.

The Leader

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—Dr. ARNOLD.

THE WHITE FLAG AND THE WHITE FEATHER.

THE self-elected and self-styled deputation "from the merchants, bankers, traders, and others" of London, has gone to Paris, has presented its address to Napoleon III., and has advertised the fact in the daily papers. The address declares, that feelings of an unkindly nature do not exist on the part of the English people towards the people of France; that financial, Christian, and other motives, induce every individual in the European community to avoid war and a recurrence of its evils; that the English state has no business with the internal policy of the French nation; and that the promoters of the address proclaim their earnest desire for cordiality and good-will between Englishmen and Frenchmen. Louis Napoleon much more tersely reciprocated an avowal of the same sentiments, and affirmed his desire to maintain peace.

What then? Nobody disputes that there is a desire to maintain peace, or that peace is more profitable than war. Any given number of English gentlemen could take the Boulogne boat, pay their fare to Paris, and make that declaration—one set of gentlemen quite as well as another. We know, also, that the same sentiments exist in France, if you go to the proper quarter. If, for example, you go to a mercantile city in the South—the very place where Louis Napoleon declared the Empire to be peace—you may have such statements as we have received from a distinguished friend, holding as high a commercial position, and as decidedly pacific as Mr. Cobden himself:—

"I think the chances of war have been canvassed with unnecessary anxiety in England and elsewhere. In France no one dreams of war—among the people I mean. The national tendencies are decidedly to peace, to industry, to commerce. The Chief of the State himself is, by the force of circumstances and of opinion, compelled to pursue the same direction of policy. It must be confessed, however, that the régime under which we have the misfortune to live has need of keeping up, for its very preservation, a certain emotion, a certain *entrain*. It finds it constantly indispensable to throw some sop or other to our faculty—Journey of the President, the Empire, the Marriage, the Coronation, Fêtes incessant. The doctor is always devising some new remedy for his patient; if he did not he would become superfluous, and be sent about his business. For the same cause it will be found necessary to keep up constantly a sort of absorbing excitement: and, *ma foi!* when all resources have been exhausted, who knows but it may become indispensable to serve up a dish more highly spiced, more substantial, for this Gargantua; who knows but the 'ultima ratio' may become (if you will permit me an execrable *jeu de mot*) the last *ration* to be given us, and so we may be set marching and cannonading to keep us from thinking! This is what we have to fear, my dear friend. The financial situation is a little improved in a commercial and industrial point of view. The stock and share markets have acquired more solidity as they have become more restricted, but the jobbing is furious. The smallest catastrophe would involve a general overthrow. Sound commercial operations have been much purged of late, so much so that they would suffer comparatively little in such a crisis. This is easily explained. All the jobbers have at this moment more profit to look for in gambling on the Bourse than in regular commerce. They have given up the latter. In regular transactions, then, there are few left of those rash speculators who used to compromise the whole trade of the country. Sound commerce is exposed to few risks now. As to the finances of the Government I would not venture to express any opinion. I have given up reading the newspapers. I know very little of political matters, and only wish I knew much less."

So much for the sentiments prevailing on one side and the other amongst rational and intelligent people. Does this prove that there is not a very numerous class in France laying its hopes in the revival of hostilities—anxious to avenge Waterloo, and looking forward both to profit and promotion at an easy rate in chastising enervated England for the victories of England in her time of glory? Of course not. Bordeaux merchants, discreet official people, sound economists, and divers other

classes, would necessarily be for peace, just as the other classes that we have named would be for war.

And what are the sentiments of his Majesty Napoleon III.? The declaration which he made in return to the address is a neat composition of words; but what beyond the words? Louis Napoleon swore to maintain a constitution, and immediately destroyed it. He disclaimed the imperial crown, and accepted it as soon as offered. He promises peace to England, and according to precedent the sequel should be war. He may introduce a variety into this part of his career; but all his public acts have shown that his asseverations can form no part of the data for calculating future probabilities. His answer to the peace deputation might have been anticipated, without the trouble of going to Paris to get it.

But the address and bearers constitute a great public delusion, which is worse than useless, for it may help to make people trust to influences that do not fairly exist. The very demonstration itself is a delusion. Who appointed the deputation? By what authority did they speak in the name of those who appended their signatures? A testimony declaring vaguely in favour of peace and of good will to France is what almost any Londoner could sign; but the fact of his signing it conveys no authority to the postman who may convey his declaration across the Channel, for entering into implied treaties with the Emperor. Why was the address conveyed without the form of a public meeting? There can be no other reason than this; that those who got it up were afraid to hold a public meeting, lest their sentiments should be reversed by the majority.

Going over upon false pretences, the deputation has brought back an assurance with an aspect of formality that it does not deserve. It is evident that Louis Napoleon is encouraging every foreign power to rely upon his good will—Russia, Austria, Turkey, England, all enjoy the favour of his courtship; and it will not be until the arrival of the critical moment that his actual alliance, offensive and defensive, will gratify the friend who may then prove most likely to return him a profit, while it will resist the others with surprise and hostility. No polite generalizations about peace will stand in his way then. On the contrary, they may serve to clear his path, if simple-minded people make his empty promises serve instead of independent securities.

THE PROGRESSIVE RISE OF WAGES.

THE dispute which has been going on between the employers and men in the shoe-making business of Norwich, is exactly of that kind which should be brought to a conclusion as speedily as possible, and yet which is often continued for want of sufficient information on both sides. In the present system, where competition is still to a great extent the rule, and where the laws are framed for the encouragement of that principle rather than the principle of Concert, it is not possible to exact from any party with whom another is in litigation, terms of mutual agreement. So strongly are prejudices bound to the competitive principle at present, that any mutual agreement is instituted without sincerity, retained for a time without faith, ill observed, and at last abandoned in disgust. The true principle of Concert, indeed, could not often sanction the compacts that are made, since they are seldom the result of thorough conviction, and are mostly compromises intended to effect a resolution without establishing the true merits on either side. The true principle of Concert aims at the same result as competition—namely, to ascertain the right value of the article to be exchanged; but whereas the principle of competition supposes that two parties to a bargain have interests necessarily incompatible, the principle of Concert supposes that their interests are reciprocal, and that it would be best for them clearly to ascertain what it is each side desires, and what it is each side can do for the other, in order that the mutual exchange may be made without waste either of substance or time. If this sound principle could be applied to disputes in trade, it might save much loss to all parties.

To take this case of Norwich as an illustration which invites an immediate application of the principle. There is a dispute between the masters and the men, as to the amount of wages that shall be paid; the men asking for an advance, on the ground that trade is expanding; and the masters refusing the advance because,

they say, the colonial trade is uncertain. The masters have issued a joint address, a copy of which we have not received. The men, however, have remained firm; and we understand that meetings between certain of the masters and their men have been appointed for this week, which are very likely to result in a virtual concession of the demands made by the men, at least so far as those masters are concerned. Others of the masters will probably join that secession; and before we go to press an advantageous change may have taken place in the posture of the affair.

We have the less doubt on that subject, because we are convinced that the general rate of wages throughout the country has not yet attained its highest level; and that, in the end, employers generally will have to make concessions very like those now asked of the Norwich masters. Whatever the result may be, one thing is perfectly evident to us,—that it will be most desirable for masters and men to ascertain as soon as possible what can be conceded on either side, what must be so conceded, and what cannot. If the masters know that a certain proportion of wages prevails throughout the handicraft trades, and if they know that the men are aware of that fact, they cannot refuse to grant their payment of the usual rate; unless, on the other hand, they can show to the men that the shoe trade of Norwich, through some exceptional cases, is in so bad a condition that it cannot pay the same rate of wages as other trades, and yet return a profit to the masters. If, indeed, the trade were in that bad condition, it would follow, as a matter of course, that unlike almost every branch of trade in the country, the shoemakers of Norwich are too many for their business, and then it would be better both for themselves and their men if some of their number gave up the business.

The very argument which they put forward induces us to think that they have no very sound data for the calculations with which they meet their men. They say that the colonial trade is so "uncertain." It is quite true that the emigration to Canada has considerably abated within the last five or ten years; quite true that the West Indies are not so prosperous as they have been; but the Cape of Good Hope is decidedly better off than it has been before, and has every prospect of improving greatly under a more intelligent administration, as soon as the absurd Kafir war, bequeathed by previous Governments, shall be brought to a close; and the Australian colonies are entering upon a career of prosperity unprecedented for magnitude and rapidity of extension. In 1847, the numbers emigrating to the Australian colonies and to New Zealand were under 5000; in 1848 they rose to nearly 24,000; next year they exceeded 32,000; then falling to 16,000 in 1850; they again rose to 21,500 in 1851; and last year to the number of more than 37,000! These figures alone show the great expansion of that colony; but the emigration which has peopled that region is attended by two circumstances mutually auxiliary. In Australia, the emigrant soon becomes possessed of very considerable wealth, and working men find sovereigns in their pockets where silver was before precious. While numbers are thus established across the sea, numbers are withdrawn from the over-crowded labour market of England. This fact is telling in every direction; the numbers that have emigrated from the United Kingdom within the last ten years, amount altogether to 2,140,000, and the emigration is going on at the rate of 3,006,000 a year. No check is observed in it. In Ireland, a large proportion of the letters contain remittances from America, summoning friends and relatives.

The withdrawal of labour is felt in every branch of the labour market at home. From Liverpool to Launceston, the carpenters are asking for higher wages. Building advances in many of the manufacturing towns and the labouring trades connected with building are about to reap a very fine harvest: masons in Bradford, for example, are talking of 5s. 6d. a day as their proper wages. Even the agricultural labourers of Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and Wiltshire, are now obtaining an advance to 9s. a week—an extraordinary affluence for the labourer of the field. Under such circumstances it is quite preposterous to suppose that wages in any particular trade can be kept down.

If trades cannot possibly be rendered productive, the working people will emigrate to

another country or another trade; and now is their opportunity. The weavers of Norwich, for instance, if not those of Bolton and Bethnal-green, had better make way while the gold shines, and get to a more hopeful work or world, than try to resuscitate an impossible trade. Thorough changes will take place.

This generally prosperous state of the country inevitably tends to put a termination to trades that cannot maintain a higher rate of wages, for many and concurrent reasons. The *Times*, for example, perceives this so distinctly, that it has thrown out a startling suggestion. "Almost every week," writes the leading journal, "we have to record a strike for increase of wages amongst certain classes of male labourers; it is time that the turn of the overworked women had come;" and of course it will. Emigration has withdrawn considerable numbers, even from female traders; and the consequence is, a draft from the less well-paid trades served by women to the better-paid. In some towns, from that cause, it is excessively difficult to procure domestic servants: in Manchester, for example, women prefer the factory to the kitchen, because they get better wages and more freedom. Nor is it probable that women in the west-end establishments of London will be willing to endure the cruelly protracted hours, from six in the morning till three o'clock on the following morning, with wretched diet—dry bread for luncheon, meat and toast-and-water, and the unceasing work which a "First-hand" describes, in the *Times*, as the rule for previous seasons. If this season does not see an improvement subsequent seasons will. But it is probable that the most intelligent employers, like Mr. Hitchcock, of St. Paul's Churchyard, will bethink themselves, before it is too late, that they had better draw to their establishments able hands, by offering good wages and comfortable accommodation as well, than be left to find that a brisk season is the opportunity for a vindictive reminder of their own harshness at previous seasons.

The fact is, as we have said repeatedly, the trade of the country, in spite of temporary checks here and there, is proceeding at a very brisk rate; independently of the general commercial briskness, the price of labour is rising, on account of the immense emigration; and the price of labour will continue to rise, because the emigration is continuing, and, under such circumstances, no one trade can remain below the level.

COMPANIES FOR NON-PERFORMANCE.

WHEN anything is amiss with a ship belonging to one of our great steam navigation companies, a great gentleman connected with the management goes down to the sea-port, to "inspect" the ship; and then the vessel, restored by that magical process, goes to sea. It cannot be for the purpose of discovering anything the matter, that this inspection takes place, since it so often happens that nothing is found to be the matter; and even when serious defects do exist, they must be beside the question, since it so often happens that disasters occur after the most dignified of inspections. Thus the *Australian* could hardly keep at sea, although she had been triply inspected—by the surveyor of Lloyd's, the surveyor of the Admiralty, and a special surveyor on behalf of the company. The benefits of inspection, great as they are, appear to be a secret inscrutable to the uninitiated, like that of Freemasonry.

But the Australian Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company is not the only corporation whose directors sit at home at ease, while its passengers are fain to think upon the dangers of the seas. There is also the Royal West India Mail Steamship Company, whose ships are favoured by the privilege of carrying the royal mails, and whose passengers occasionally write home such letters as the one before us. The *Medway*, which conveyed the writer, arrived at St. Thomas's, after a passage of 4382 miles, in twenty-three days! The ship had taken in 360 tons 13 cwt. of coals, at starting, and 136 tons at Madeira; having on board when she arrived, not quite 15 tons, or half a day's consumption. The *Medway* is not singular in its eccentricities, although other vessels belonging to the company are newer. Of the *Orinoco* we learn, that her main-deck was cut through amidships, in order to admit the driving-shaft; and she has thus, of course, lost one of her principal supports. Her deck, it is said, is quite uneven

with straining; and the fate anticipated for her is that often ascribed, though we believe erroneously, to the *President*—a sudden snapping across. The strange complaints of her eloquent timbers have already caused many an alarm to the passengers; as on the blowing night of the 15th of December last, when something cracked with a loud noise. The *Orinoco*, however, was "inspected," and nobody could find out what caused the alarm.

One vessel of the company is reported to be quite safe—the *La Plata*, purchased of Cunard's Company. It happens, unfortunately, that this ship was built, not for a tropical, but for a cold station; and therefore she has fittings which may be pleasant in the line of voyage that she does not perform. There is something unsatisfactory in using for one company the cast-off ships of another; and one would like to know "the reason why" the one company rejects and the other purchases.

This company ought to have the amplest means of keeping up its navy. The British Lion contributes the modest sum of 240,000*l.* a year for the mails; and there is no beating down of prices for passengers. Yet there is a curious plan of close shaving in the arrangements. The *Medway* sailed on the 3rd of one month, and the painters only left her on the 1st of that month, or the 31st of the previous one. Down to the 31st, we are told, she had no captain named, no crew or servants engaged; but, surely, this must be a mistake? However, whatever the precise day, there is no doubt as to the fact of an unseemly haste in providing for that which is a matter of periodical routine.

These annoyances, and worse—for several ships of the company have been lost—are perfectly known; yet we have no promise of an effectual remedy. Passengers complain, and may still enjoy that privilege. Government holds a contract, with penalties, we presume, for non-performance; but we do not hear that the penalties are enforced. "Competent persons" occasionally "inspect," with what consequences we have seen. In absolute despair, those whose business obliges them to voyage between Europe and the West, are looking with impatience for the promised competition from the United States, or France.

THE (CAB) STAND FOR FREEDOM.

If the Administration of our country were now actuated by a desire to introduce the Austrian system of governing the people in detail, they could not have made a beginning more ingenious than that of interference with the Cabmen and Omnibus-men. Their intervention has been strictly of an Austrian character, and they have selected for their first objects a class who are, upon the whole, not popular amongst the working classes, properly so called. Those classes which fulfil the office of servants to the richer classes are not viewed with a very friendly eye, and a cabman partakes in some degree of the odium which is cast by the working man upon a footman. By a strange perversity attending on our trade spirit, the class who have most reason to be grateful for the services of the cabman and the omnibus-driver, and who are most answerable for the faults of this class, are also far more sensible of the foibles than of the meritorious services. For one uncivil cabman or conductor that you encounter, there are ten who are at least as courteous as the rider is to them. There are some—more even than the rough and uncivil—whose example might be imitated by many riders.

The fact is, that the experiences of the conductor or cabman, who sees numbers of his fellow creatures in their little moments of impatience, or awkwardness and blundering, tend to impart the philosophy which the traveller acquires; and there is many a savant or merchant, many a moralist or statesman, who unconsciously submits to be classed in a special *systema natura* by the reflecting conductor or cabman. The learned gentleman who gets out of an omnibus face forward, and is thrown into the most undignified of postures in the street on the slightest movement; the elderly, who shrieks his indignation at the conductor because the man has not before been told, and could not divine by instinct that the moralist wished to get down five feet earlier in the street; the statesman who stumbles into his cab after dinner, in order to go as quickly and as comfortably as possible from the folly of the board to the folly of the debate, and supercil-

ously ignores the arm which is civilly held out for his accommodation—either of those benighted persons is classed by the cabman in the category of the clumsy, the dull, or the sour-tempered, and furnishes his quota towards cultivating that patience and even temper which the conductor can only derive from correcting the follies of half his fellow-creatures by the follies of the other half, himself remaining superior on that elevated foot-board, which stands on one side of the daily path ruled by himself.

The cabman, for all his coats, is a man; and he will respond to the usual test of tickling and so forth, at least as much as Shylock. Now this class of our fellow creatures has recently been taken in hand by the police, who undertake to regulate it with a truly Austrian degree of the paternal. The omnibus-driver must not get down from his seat; the cab-driver must sit, and must not smoke. However cold, however wearied with tedium, however stiffened with a moveless posture in a winter day, neither of these two men must relax his limbs by a little action. The "party of order," represented by Colonel Mayne, chief commissioner, has so resolved.

Now, this unimportant class of our fellow creatures really contributes to the State in no small proportion. Before an omnibus can traverse the streets it must have paid three guineas for its plates, besides three halfpence a mile of duty for every step it goes. The cabman's plates cost him five pounds, and he pays ten shillings a week duty. Economists will say that the "consumer" pays for this, and in a very loose sense the case may be made out; but you will as soon show that the consumer eats the omnibus, as that really he pays for his taxes any more than any one of us pays our neighbour's taxes. The object of the omnibus speculator is, to get the largest amount of revenue out of his passengers, and he must do it by supplying the largest amount of service at the most moderate rate. It is true that the cost of the taxes may be at the first an element in determining him to enter into the project or not. But since the rate of fare which he fixes, from a penny to sixpence, can in no degree be determined by the relative proportion of tax charged to each passenger, we must perceive that the tax really does not reach the passenger. The threepenny rate is determined by "the higgling" of the market, and it would be impossible to determine any proportion of the threepence which the passenger pays towards the plates or the duty. But even if it were so, still the industry of the omnibus owners and their servants contributes to the taxes of the State a considerable amount in proportion to their means, and therefore they merit at least some personal consideration as to what may be the rules enforced for public order.

It is rather remarkable, that while the police commissioners are thus coercing the cabman, they also drive a peculiar species of trade amongst that class. It is one of the most singular instances of a forced market that we know. Every cabman, omnibus-conductor, and driver, is obliged to wear his badge in a conspicuous position on his person; in order to exhibit it thus, a belt is worn, and this belt has become an article of trade with the commissioners; a cabman must buy his belt of the commissioners, and the price per belt for a conductor's badge is tenpence—the price of the cabman's we do not know. Probably if the conductor were to buy his belt in open market, he could procure it for fourpence; but tenpence is the official charge. The commissioners also publish a little volume of rules and regulations; this volume has recently been amended, and every driver must possess a copy; we have no doubt that any publisher would issue this little document at the price of threepence or fourpence,—the commissioners charge sixpence for it. It will be observed, that what with belts and publications, the commissioners convert the subjugated cabmen and conductors into profitable customers. But that is not all; the last regulations are as fallacious as if they had been issued by a speculative trading firm, for they do not contain the rules which at present press so severely upon the cab and omnibus community. The cabman is forced to pay sixpence for a book that does not guide him through the severe laws to which his badge subjects him by the tenpenny belt subjects him.

When tyrannical laws are attempted, they are very apt to provoke a revolt, which may be of three kinds—passive and collateral, passive and direct, or aggressive. The Cab and Omnibus

men might breed a riot in the streets, in which case the police would probably have the better of it, though the process might tend to put the raw lobsters into hot water, and, we have no doubt, would redder them considerably. The direct and passive is the way to which the men in London have resorted; that is to say, being told not to smoke or get off their boxes, in practice they have got off their boxes and smoked. Possibly, Colonel Mayne's gendarmes may prove as hot in the prevention of smoking as the gendarmes of Austria in Milan are in the encouragement of smoking; for it is a curious fact, that while Scotland-yard adopts the policy of James the First, and puts down the weed, Austria and Radetzky adopt the policy of Charles Lamb, and resist teetotalism in tobacco. Should the policeman attempt new means of enforcement, possibly the cabmen and omnibus drivers of London may imitate the example of their brethren in Liverpool, and may withdraw all the cabs and omnibuses from London, for a few days. Imagine the City without its omnibuses: the Lord Mayor without his state coach in ordinary; the director of bank association or company without any conductor's fingers to rap as he gets out! Imagine an M.P. at midnight, with no cab in sight! But there is a large amount of the London population dependent upon cab and omnibus for locomotion, which certainly has had no share, direct or indirect, in encouraging this Austrian procedure: to them the penalty would be severe, but they might remember, that they must thank Scotland-yard for it.

The public at large, indeed, may consider a question yet broader and more important. If Commissioner Mayne succeeds in teaching cabmen how to live with so paternal a minuteness, it is possible that the same zeal for direction may extend to other classes of society. The English people is showing a remarkable patience under every species of centralized authority. With all his faults, a cabman is an Englishman, and he is by no means one of the tamest of Englishmen; if, therefore, a commissioner can teach a cabman how to live; can teach him "what to eat, drink, and avoid;" can teach him how to stand or how to sit; can regulate his cigar and his beer, *à fortiori*, more pliant classes of the English people may be brought equally under the direct keeping of the central Executive; and we must all await a daily way-bill of the "whole duty of man" from the Home Office. When we have been brought to learn our place in that respect, then England will be quite ripe for annexation to the continental system; and we say it is an ingenious device, to begin that experiment on the cab driver. *Fiat experimentum*: anybody may ill-treat a cabman, for he has no friends.

HUDDERSFIELD ELECTION: A WORKING MAN'S M.P.

THE importance which the working classes are acquiring, commercially and socially, as well as politically, only contributes an *additional* reason why they should take every step they can to secure a representation for themselves in Parliament. There is no part of the country in which the value of the working man, as such, has not risen. And it is not only the money payment which marks him out as being more important than he was: his employer is now obliged to address him in a different style; it is found that he has a will which must be consulted; and in a short time, should matters proceed as they now do, the opinion of the working man will be sought on most subjects that interest the community. Now, therefore, is the time at which the working man can use this influence to obtain a gradual increase of his political power; and the stationing of an intelligent Member in Parliament, even though he be no more than the *honorary* representative of the working classes, will be a great gain.

We are far from believing that any successive advance towards a popular franchise precludes any further advance. The statement that the middle classes obtained their franchise by the Reform Bill, and that they opposed its extension to the working classes, is only a half truth. It is not true that the *whole* of the middle classes lend their influence to that refusal; on the contrary, we believe that many of them are with the working classes. But even if it were true, the fact should be ascribed, not so much to the corrupting principles of an exclusive political power, which is a very vague influence, but to the

character of the middle class; which so far as it is exclusively commercial, is proportionately selfish: besides, the middle classes are always inclined to take their colour from the politics of the time; and with the rising value of the working classes, an increased number of the middle classes may be expected to side with an extended franchise. Moreover, every enlargement of the franchise renders the exception more glaring. For these reasons and others, we hold that every inch gained is so much towards the establishment of a franchise for the whole nation.

The speech of Sir George Grey at Alnwick, in which he recognises the claims of the unfranchised men who appeared as his supporters, is in itself an important admission. Still more frank and complete is the declaration of Lord Goderich at Huddersfield:—"I cannot believe that this dense meeting is composed of men *any one* of whom is unfit for the suffrage." That is the test to which we have always challenged those who are for an exclusive franchise. Let any Englishman of ordinary intelligence stand forth, and let any of those exclusive suffragists point him out bodily, and dare to say that he is unfit for the franchise. Let the exclusive suffragists assemble a great body of their countrymen before them, and then point with their finger to this man, to that, and to another, and so on to the whole number of those whom they would pronounce to be unfit to vote for Members of Parliament. If they dare not accept that test, they either give up the question, or convict themselves of a craven spirit, which falters in making good the details of its own conclusion. Lord Goderich is not a man to do so; he evidently recognises the fact of a man's being an Englishman as a sufficient claim for the franchise.

But that is not the whole of Lord Goderich's claim upon the working-man; nor is his speech his only voucher, although his principles, as he declared them at Huddersfield, are free-trade, extended suffrage, much fairer distribution of electoral districts, ballot, absolute freedom of religious opinion, public education, economy in public expenditure, and attention in the legislature to the wants of the great masses of men. Still his speech is not his whole or truest voucher, though there is much in these professions, and even in the manner of the speech itself. The man who can use expressions so distinct and so frank, who can "look forward to the day when the elevation of the people shall form them into one great and united democracy," appeals to a vast alliance. Language like this must tell strongly in his favour, although the word democracy has been adopted by Lord John Russell. But it has, we believe, been adopted by the late Premier *after* it was accepted by the noble candidate for Huddersfield. Although Lord John Russell is a much older man, and a much older Member of Parliament, he is a younger adherent of the English democracy than Lord Goderich. Lord Goderich was known for his painstaking attention to the wants of the working-classes before the word democracy became fashionable on Whig lips.

Nor did he first put forth these high Liberal sentiments at great public meetings: it is well known that he has been studying the subject with an independent mind, neither rash nor prejudiced, in the quiet of his closet first, and then in actual intercourse with the working man, of other countries as well as his own. Now, we say that if such a man—thus discreet, although still feeling the fervours of youth—thus steadfast in his opinions, although anticipating the latest conversion of the most experienced statesman—acting thus frankly towards his fellow-countrymen, out of season, as well as in propitious times—be seated in Parliament, the working classes of this country, the true Liberals of this country, will have established a new hold upon the Legislature, and will have made a decided step towards realizing measures that they have most at heart. We believe that Lord Goderich will be a faithful Member for the electors, a generous Member also for the non-electors, and an honour to the constituency in whose name he sits.

That he will not be a Member for the working man alone, adds to his value, not subtracts from it. With an enlarged view of the possibilities of the time, he has shown a power of combining a deference for generally established opinions with a recognition of newly perceived truths, and such a man cannot give an exclusive service. Once elected, we are sure he will not be the Member for any class, nor for any sect, nor for any mere

local objects; not forgetting his duties to his nearest friends, he will be a Member for the nation.

SUNDAY REFORM PETITIONS.

We beg again to urge upon the friends of Sunday Reform the instant necessity of an active and well regulated organisation of public opinion in that direction. An intelligent correspondent suggests that the Petition movement should be "by street or neighbourhood, or even from house to house." The last is, in our opinion, the most desirable, because the most authentic and undeniable, expression of a sound, temperate, and well-considered opinion, which neither intolerance nor disingenuousness can interpret into idle clamour, or unreasoning impulse. The quantity of names appended to a petition, we insist, is of no importance as compared with the *quality*; indeed, a superabundance invites the derision of those who remember certain monster petitions of 1848. We have heard, that on Easter Monday and Tuesday, petitions for opening the Crystal Palace on Sunday were exposed for signature in Greenwich Park, and in other holiday resorts. We do not blame the intention that dictated this form of appeal to the classes who would naturally be most interested in the subject of the petitions: we only criticize the method and the form: the time and the place selected for a demonstration which, in order to win acceptance and respect, should bear no mark of levity, and furnish no weapon of attack to serious opponents. We fear that open-air parchments emanating from Greenwich Park and One-Tree Hill will not bear a very critical inspection. It is just possible that the holiday wit of Cockaigne may have vented itself in fancy signatures. Now the honest and sincere opponents of Sunday Reform cannot be more effectually served than by these weak and silly pleasantries. We therefore feel it to be our duty to protest emphatically against Easter Monday petitions as impotent ebullitions, if not suicidal.

Meanwhile, our Sabbatarian friends are not idle. The misguided clergy are indefatigably visiting from house to house with petitions against opening the Sydenham Palace on Sunday: deluging railways, steamboats, and hotels, with tracts: fulminating from countless pulpits, wheedling where they cannot intimidate, denouncing where they cannot convince, coercing where they cannot persuade, menacing with excommunication in this world, and with all the terrors of their world to come. On the other hand, we are glad to report progress in directions where it might least have been expected. We learn from a correspondent entitled to our respect, that the question, "whether the Crystal Palace ought to be open on Sundays" has lately been admitted to discussion in a Mental Improvement Society holding its meetings in the *vestry of a Dissenter's chapel*. In spite of an influential and authoritative opposition, a vote of thanks was awarded by the majority of the Society to the opener of the discussion. Such a vote does credit to the Society. Full and free discussion, wherever we can get it, can only promote the success of a cause so identified with common sense, with the interests of true religion, with the sound moral health of the entire community, as that of Sunday Reform.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WORKING MAN'S PRESS.

LETTER I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS MILNER GIBSON, M.P.

SIR,—Permit me to address to you, the President of the "Association for promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge," a brief examination of the arguments upon which the Government seems disposed to rely, in justification of its present proceedings against the unstamped press.

The fiscal freedom of the press is essentially a Working Man's question. Whether the Taxes on Knowledge be repealed or not, is of little consequence to the rich man. He can command a newspaper at any price. He can have one printed for his own immediate use if he pleases, and this has sometimes been done. It is true that the ignorance of the lower classes comes home to the upper sooner or later—not the operatives' ignorance of books merely, but their compelled ignorance of life and politics, of the arts and social opportunities of improving life. Literary ignorance is commonly assumed as the

sole ignorance sought to be removed by the advocates of untaxed knowledge, whereas it is *social* ignorance:—for it is the ignorance not so much of books as of life and industrial opportunity that constitutes the chief sources of crime, discontent, and danger; and the privation of cheap and wholesome newspapers fosters this serious law-imposed ignorance. The reflective and experienced among the working class know this, and to them the repeal of the taxes on knowledge is of direct personal importance.

Thousands of persons are friendly to Cheap Education who are unfriendly to Cheap Newspapers, not seeing that Cheap Newspapers are, in a hard-working, much occupied country like ours, the indispensable precursors of Cheap Schools. By legal rate or Voluntary effort, open a school to-morrow in every street in every town, the children will be slow to seek the benefit which the majority of parents regard with indifference. The child will not desire to escape the bounds of its own intuition, because it knows not the value of instruction—and the Father neglects to send his child for precisely the same reason. Next to his own Parents the poor student reverences his Tutor—the half-instructed artisan will go without meals in order to buy the last great work on Chemistry or Political Economy—the indigent scholar pursues nightly studies, grows prematurely old, and sinks into the grave just as the mere sensual man begins to enjoy the fulness of life; but this devotion, toil, and noble preference, are manifested by those who have once floated on the imperial sea of knowledge, which carries the persevering learner into radiant worlds of emulation and power, whence no man ever willingly returned. The man who knows what intelligence is, will give his *health and life* for it—but the man who does not know what it is, counts it a needless possession, if not a social penalty. Such persons neither go to schools nor care for schools—and would not send their children, without some compulsion, if you would teach them for nothing. This indifference is not the fault of the poor, *as poor*, it is the fault of their condition. The rich would act in the same way if they were not under wiser influences and easier circumstances. Reared without knowledge and labouring without leisure, you will never have our population intelligent if you wait till *they take the initiative*. You must put knowledge in their way. It must meet them with their wants. It must lie side by side with their rude and humble excitements. Give them freely, copiously, and incessantly, the news *they care for*, and they will come to acquire an interest in what they do not now care for at all. Curiosity is the parent of Thought. As Mr. Cobden said at Exeter Hall lately, at one of the Anti-Knowledge Tax Society's meetings,—“If Hodge wants to know when Farmer Stoot's cow died, or when his neighbour Giles killed his pig—let him know it. Neither you nor I take the least interest in these exciting topics, but let him who does have his curiosity gratified. He may come some day to look farther, and we may find him curious about higher questions, and more ennobling interests.” Cheap, plain, and popular working-class newspapers are just the things to reach the ploughman and the operative—and nothing else can. They will enlighten the cottage and empty the gin palace. Overrun the land with cheap newspapers, and Cheap Schools will follow, for the want of Schools will then be felt. There will be a demand for them. Yes, and this cheap and humble press will be a universal lion's provider for the dearer and abler press, which is now comparatively unread by the mass of the people. What is the common complaint? Is it not that a philosophic and high-toned paper is too good to succeed—that the public do not appreciate it. The abler a weekly paper is in England, the fewer readers it has, apart from class connexions. It is continually observed, that the least refined journals (the panderers, rather than the teachers) succeed the best with the populace. Nothing can correct this but a cheap News Press, rising up in every district, originating its own readers, bringing out and developing local faculties, and thus generating and cultivating a wide-spread taste, which, expanding year by year, will never rest till gratified at the highest sources and in the most perfect manner. The undeveloped readers of our best papers lie in thousands neglected over our whole land. This is not a declamatory conjecture, but a statement of facts known to the writer, who, in a hundred districts, could

give the names and addresses of numerous would-be-readers of our best journals, daily and weekly, if they could be reached in the only way in which they are accessible. As Free-trade has created new Trade—as Railways have begotten traffic—as Navigation has developed Emigration—so a cheap rustic and operative Press will extend and maintain a dear and scholarly Press, and the day will come when no man will believe that the Press of the educated gentleman opposed and stood in some sort of implied, though unexpressed fear, of the press of the untaught working man. There is no reason to suppose our present Government really adverse to the free dissemination of knowledge, but besides their own convictions to satisfy, they have existing interests to consult, and the present Sixpenny Newspapers consider their interests imperilled by some imaginary competition to rise up with the creation of a local Penny Newspaper trade. At this point the Ministers falter: The danger is utterly unfounded—but the Sixpenny interest urge it—the Government believe it, and the people suffer from it.

Mr. Phinn, the Attorney-general's substitute, in stating the case of the Inland Revenue office before Mr. Henry at Bow-street, in the late decision given there, took the *Potteries Free Press* in his hand, and said confidently to the magistrate,—“If this is not a newspaper, what is it?” The same remark has, I believe, been made in the House of Commons, and in many newspaper offices, and in other quarters the same impression prevails. Even the *Daily News* assumes (March 18th) that should the *Potteries Free Press* be admitted as a class paper, not liable to the stamp, there is an end of all distinction between the journals now licensed by the Inland Revenue office and the stamped newspaper press. Now, differentially, but emphatically be it said, the *Potteries Free Press* is not a newspaper according to Inland Revenue office practice. It is essentially a *class* newspaper, separated by a wide barrier from the regular newspaper press. The magistrate does not flounder here in an ocean of casuistries. He confronts two unmistakable extremes—the Poor man's paper and the Rich man's paper—and the distinction between them is as broad as Poverty. To him, who having eyes will see, there is, between the penny and stamped newspaper, a wide gulf which the poor man can never pass. Nor is this an argument to exempt the *Potteries* paper. The theory of Inland Revenue decisions exempts *all* such penny papers. The fact is, no penny newspaper does exist, or can exist in this country, to compete with the regular high-priced newspapers. Repeal every fiscal impost now on the statutes, and no Penny Newspaper could be produced capable of competing with the Sixpenny journal.

The *Potteries Free Press* is indeed a newspaper according to the act of Parliament, and so are all the papers now exempted by the Stamp Office, on the ground of their being *class* papers. The definition of a newspaper guiding Mr. Henry's decision at Bow-street, is, “any paper containing public news, intelligence, or occurrences, which is printed for sale, and published periodically at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days.” 6th and 7th Wm. IV., c. 76.

There is no escape from this definition and its consequences, in point of law. But the Inland Revenue officials have been suffered for seventeen years to interpret the newspaper acts at discretion, and they pressed for judgment against Mr. Truelove at Bow-street, on the ground that, according to their custom, the *Potteries* (Penny) *Free Press* was indistinguishable from the usual newspaper, and that it was, as Mr. Henry alleged in his judgment, a wrong to the revenue-paying papers to tax them, and allow the said *Free Press* to be published stamp free. The fact is, it is no fiscal injustice at all. No penny paper can (permit me to reiterate) compete with the revenue-paying regular newspaper press.

Try the question in that practical manner in which the House of Commons tests the real merits of any case. Will any man able to buy the *Spectator*, *Examiner*, *Leader*, *Nonconformist*, or any regular newspaper, buy a *Potteries Free Press* INSTEAD? Not one. This *Free Press* is edited with marked ability and good taste—but it only supplies a *pennyworth of news for a penny*—and no politician—no man in business—nor any man in his senses, will put up with one pennyworth of information when he wants *six*. Besides, the news of a penny paper is not really news, but composed of second hand, worn out

shreds and patches of news—of some interest and value to the poor man, who cannot get better, but of no interest and no value to the gentleman, the tradesman, or the regular middle class newspaper buyer. No penny journal can command the highest sources of news, nor will the excise duty and cost of paper and necessary salaries of editors, writers, and reporters, ever permit any penny proprietor in this country to compete with the regular newspaper. The nature of things is against it. The events of the week can never be recorded for one penny, and the usual newspaper buyers want all the news, and that early, and they will have it. Take off the taxes on knowledge to-morrow, and we shall have cheap papers for the poor, and better papers for the rich; but the same class distinctions founded on price will exist. The penny paper will be a penny paper still, and the higher priced paper will be better in proportion to its price, and will, as now, be sought after by all who want a perfect journal, and the regular Newspapers will have this advantage, that more readers will be created for them by the Penny Pioneer Press.

Some urge, that the provincial press is in some districts indifferently edited, and that the working man's press might compete with it. The only result in these cases would be, that the gentleman's Journal would be quickened and improved—not superseded. The greater resources of the rich Proprietors would always enable them to keep in the first rank. The Penny newspaper competes with the Sixpenny or Fourpenny or Threepenny one! As well argue that the Third Class on the Railway will displace the First and Second—that the Omnibus interest will destroy the Cab interest—that the Beer-houses will abolish the Hotels—that the Sixpenny Ordinary will supersede the Half-crown and Five shilling table d'hôte—that the Threepenny Concert will attract the audience from the Royal Italian Opera. No! all these preferences are part of human nature, and they have their seat in what is nearly as strong as human nature—in human custom, pride, and convenience, which an act of Parliament did not make, and which the repeal of the Newspaper Stamp Act will not change.

What gives the *Times* its predominance—the penny stamp, or its inexhaustible resources and commanding ability? If Great Britain were overrun with penny newspapers to-morrow, the *Times* would still be the King of Journals, while the present public taste remains. I see men grow pale with wrath over its pages, and yet they buy it: they curse it—and take it in. Watch the *habitudes* of the News Room where all the Dailies lie, and you will find that those who hate the *Times* the worst read it the first. The same is true of all ability, all the world over. Whatever journal, daily or weekly, is first in power, will retain its readers, and multiply them in the good (unstamped) time which is coming. The Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge will create a small Pioneer News Literature—a second-rate Newspaper Trade, which does not exist now, and which will carry small portions of light, knowledge, and refinement to thousands who now get none—and who are prevented getting any by those who (with shame be written) can command all sources themselves, and command them without stint or fail—but who act thus under the impression that the sale of the humble penny paper will supersede the sale of its proud sixpenny predecessor: as well argue that the sale of common calico for the poor man's child will destroy the consumption of fine linen for the rich man's heir. It is like saying that the poor man with only one penny in his pocket, shall not propitiate his hunger at that price, lest that privilege should stop the sale of sixpenny loaves.

Suffer me, in a second letter, to complete these representations, by explaining how the High Priced Press is an English Institution which a deluge of operative newspapers can never disturb, nor defraud the Inland Revenue.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

Woburn-buildings, Euston-square,
March 31, 1853.

"THE POLITICAL EXAMINER."

THIS carefully written penny weekly democratic journal has reached us in its first monthly wrapper, sustaining and extending the characteristics we noticed in the first weekly number. As an operative journal, the *Political Examiner*

might take the name of the "Political Exemplar," and the public will find in its pages that industrial politics are none the less forcible for being practical. The various articles are penned with a mature knowledge of the bearings of every question treated. We are glad to remark the pen of Mr. William Newton among the contributors. What is the Stamp Office about, indicting the *Free Press* that sprung from Hanley's remote offices, and passing over the claims of the London Penny Examiner to the friendly patronage of Somerset House? If we are to have prosecutions, let them be without partiality. The news in this penny Examiner is entitled to the attention of the new Bow-street censorship.

THE YOUNG CLERGY.

WE have great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the following letter, which we print for the honour it does to its writer. It shows what a spirit of true Christian tolerance there is rising in the church. Were its examples more frequent, that strange mission we have before alluded to as being Mr. Holyoake's mission—namely, that of promulgating his views of religion with the same untiring energy as distinguishes the missionaries of Christianity—would be rendered almost nugatory, since the church would then be fulfilling much of what Mr. Holyoake complains it does not now fulfil. This letter is addressed by a minister of the Gospel to Mr. Holyoake himself.

Moulterhall, near Todmorden,
March 28, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hardly think that you will recollect me amid the many ministers with whom you are continually meeting in various parts of the country; however, at the risk of your construing my letter into impudent familiarity, I yield to a strong prompting, which I have for some time past felt, to write to you.

If you were in general fairly dealt with, and pettifoggery and unjust opponents were the exception—not the rule—of those who publicly oppose or privately discuss you, I should feel inclined to keep neutral, but as it is, I cannot feel it right any longer to do so, since neutrality would be acquiescence in the prevalent tone respecting you.

I am but a young man to be a minister—very young indeed—but weak and insignificant as may be my voice, I wish to give it against the gross injustice with which you and those holding your opinions are everywhere treated, and treated especially, I grieve to say, by recognised teachers of Christianity. I have for long eagerly watched the progress of the controversy between yourself and Christianity. I have seen much of the way you are spoken of, and to, by Christians, both by voice and pen. I have mingled with many of different sects, and hardly do I find anywhere a man who does not rouse my indignation by the unjust and uncharitable (I would say unchristian) way in which you are spoken of, the plain meaning of what you say perverted, and even your generosity and courtesy of debate attributed to the worst motives.

On the other hand, I have heard much and seen something of you, having on one occasion heard a lecture of yours, at which time I opposed your views, and have for more than a year taken in your *Reviewers*, have read much of it, always with interest, not seldom with profit, though not perhaps of the kind you would expect. I tell you candidly, that it has sometimes given me doubts about details and minor matters, but these very doubts leading me to examine more honestly for myself points which I had before probably (like many other men) taken on trust, it has still ever in the end given me a stronger, deeper, and more living faith in religion itself. However, in all that I have heard and read, though I have found occasional outbursts of indignation which I could not blame, I have felt that the spirit which I would fain claim as "Christian" has been on your side. I do not regret that it has been so on your part, but I am sorry and ashamed that it has not been so on the part of Christians, and especially of Christian ministers.

I cannot join in the outcry against "Secularism." I think your definition of it in the *Reviewers* and in the late debate has been fair and definite. Believing, indeed, true Christianity to be (to apply an arithmetical sign to religion) "Secularism X a religious spirit,"—a religious spirit, too, that can work out in a shorter way, and *swifter*, as man's heart is truer than his intellect, the painful problems of life and duty which "Secularism" proposes by science and philosophy to solve, I still admit that you take just exception to the *carpeted* Christianity, which is too often a mere miserable soul-saving-by-hook-or-by-crook affair, making the very opposition between earthly and heavenly duties which you allege, but which it is now attempted to deny.

I am not a believer in mankind reaching truth by a "pendulous" motion between extremes, else I should welcome your movement. As it is, I look on it with pain. I have earnestly opposed it, and must ever do so,—not with talk alone, however:—never, I hope, with scorn or abuse.

Among my friends in Todmorden I value very much the friendship of some of your friends and followers; to some extent I think, too, their confidence; and I would now respectfully solicit your friendship.

I know not when you may be thinking of coming to Todmorden again, but if you do come here, or are passing through at any time, will you take up your quarters at my house? Believe me, this is not a general invitation not meant to be accepted, but a most special one, of which I hope you will avail yourself. I live about two miles from Todmorden itself, near to Eastwood station, in a country place, retired and pleasant, where I think a day or two's quiet resting would at times be not unwelcome to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

BROOKS HEEFORD.

To Mr. G. J. Holyoake,
&c., &c.

P.S. The carelessness of expression and informality of this letter is sufficiently evident that it is written to you, not to or for the public in general. What I have said herein, however, I have said before, both in public and in private, and am, therefore, careless about secrecy. If, therefore, in any way, you would like to make use of this letter, you are welcome. I leave it with you.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will our obliging correspondent on "British India" oblige us, in conformity with our rule, with his name and address. The Fifth article on "Oxford University Reform" is unavoidably deferred till next week. "Letters on Sunday Reform," "The Law of Oaths," &c., in type.



Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much pruned by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

THE SPIRIT RAPPERS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Having observed in your journal of the 5th instant a statement respecting the alleged Spirit manifestations, from a correspondent who appears to have but partially investigated the matter, I take the liberty of transmitting to you a few additional particulars. The writer of the article appears to have had but one interview: he called the spirit of an old servant—whether an intelligent one or not is not stated—he obtained to the several questions put apparently incoherent affirmatives or negatives, which he probably elicited either by dwelling upon certain letters of the alphabet, and by obtaining raps through that means, or by discarding the alphabet and considering a rap to signify yes, and silence no. My own case, sir, was somewhat similar to that of your correspondent.

I, upon the first occasion, called the spirit of an old servant—the experiment was unsatisfactory; I then attempted to help him but got on with difficulty; had I had the inclination I feel confident answers could have been obtained equally absurd as those your correspondent prides himself with having so ingeniously succeeded in obtaining.

I, however, did not throw discredit on, or treat with scorn, the experience of others; I, therefore, determined to try again the next evening, believing that the failure rested either in myself or some other unknown cause. I called the spirits of two of my own nearest relations, who might naturally be supposed to be more intimately connected with myself; they both presented themselves, giving proofs of their identity which could never have occurred to me to seek. I tested them in various ways. I was also anxious to ascertain whether by willing strongly, and dwelling upon wrong letters, I could obtain false answers, but failed to influence them in any way whatever, whether the alphabet was placed upon, or concealed under, the table, and at each of the several successive interviews the rapport appears to be more thoroughly established; whether I ask questions audibly or mentally, concise and clear answers are given, excepting in some few instances when no reply can be obtained.

So far as the moving of the table is concerned, I obtained my request, during the second interview, in so satisfactory a manner that I consider time may be more profitably employed than in seeking a repetition of it; it moved out of reach of Mrs. Hayden, and soon after suddenly regained its former position; it also moved upon its axis in a peculiarly smooth, gliding manner; not the top only, but the whole table, as I particularly observed, commencing with an almost invisible motion until it gained a rapid pace, and stopped suddenly. I immediately endeavoured myself to produce a similar motion but was unable.

I will conclude by stating, that I have reason to consider Mrs. Hayden to be a lady possessed of courage, but, having a delicate and sensitive mind, any insults directed against her, whether personally, or through the medium of the press, may be likely to have a tendency to disarrange and interrupt that subtle and mysterious agency so intimately connected with our higher nature, which we may look forward to as promising to become sooner or later, according to its reception, an additional grand and sublime source of enlightenment to all sober-minded persons of our own and future ages. May I venture to recommend those who determine to investigate for themselves, to refrain from publishing the crude ideas of one hour's experience, especially should they arrive at conclusions opposite to those of the thousands who have been making the subject their earnest and constant study during the past few years.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, C. E. I.
March 21, 1853.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

In the year 1772 the young student, WOLFGANG GOETHE, was sent to Wetzlar, where the Imperial Court of Justice was held; among his friends there was one KESTNER, attached to the Bremen Embassy, who introduced him to his betrothed, CHARLOTTE BUFF, a slender, blue-eyed Saxon, very amiable and very domestic, recognisable as LOTTE, in *Werter*. The young student had an unusually susceptible nature, and insidiously the passion for this mistress of his friend stole upon him; he was constantly with her, either in company with KESTNER, or *tête à tête*. When young poets ramble through corn-fields, listening to the plaintive cry of the quail, following the upward singing lark, and talking sentiment to blue-eyed maidens, one knows what must come of it! Fortunately, GOETHE's sarcastic friend, MERCK, arrived at Wetzlar in time to warn him of the danger, and to tear him away. GOETHE, however, did not cease corresponding with CHARLOTTE. These Letters, remarkable in a biographical point of view, have been in the possession of KESTNER's son, secretary to the Hanoverian Legation in Rome, who allowed certain persons to inspect them, but who always refused to publish them. We have seen portions of the correspondence, and the contents have been indicated by GELZER, in his *Deutsche Poetische Literatur*, and by GERVINUS, so as greatly to pique curiosity. That curiosity will shortly be gratified. KESTNER's death raises the last obstacle to the publication of this Correspondence, in which GOETHE frankly confesses that he left Wetzlar because he became sensible of his danger; conceals his love for CHARLOTTE under the thinnest of veils; when the announcement of her marriage reaches him begs to have the second place in her heart; and on the birth of her child hopes it may be called WOLFGANG, and that he may be its godfather. This Correspondence is to be translated as soon as it appears.

We may add, that, when *Werter* was published, GOETHE sent a copy to the KESTNERS, who were seriously hurt at finding such close adherence to reality mingled with the fiction, more especially at the way CHARLOTTE's subsequent relation to WERTER varied from the truth, and at the unfavourable portrait of KESTNER, the husband; but GOETHE managed to explain it all away, and the friendly correspondence was resumed.

JULES JANIN has commenced the re-publication of a selection from his *feuilletons*, during the last quarter of a century, and he decorates this reprint with the absurdly ambitious title of *Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique*, although there is not the slightest pretence at continuity, chronology, or system of any kind. There are some gay and brilliant pages in these volumes, but his declamatory desultoriness, fatiguing even in a *feuilleton*, becomes insupportable in a volume. His *facundia* is the ruin of him; he piles tropes upon hyperboles, exclamations upon quotations, and is carried hither and thither by the errant caprices of suggestion, harassing readers who would welcome even the repose of dulness, in lieu of this dancing light. But, if the reader ramble over the volumes, he will find many a pleasant page, and many a good remark. One delightful specimen of French accuracy we must quote; it is in the midst of a ferocious onslaught upon BULWER; referring to WHITTINGTON, and the myth so dear to childhood, JANIN says, that the *Cloches de Londres lui racontaient un jour: tu seras lord-maire WHITTINGTON!* Pronounce that like a Frenchman, and the effect will be hilariously historical!

Ignis has replied to our remarks on his letter on Spontaneous Combustion. There is one point in his reply it may be desirable to mention:—

"You say that there is no proof of nervous electricity—whereas the needle has been deflected by currents of animal origin; and contrariwise, digestion has been carried on by a galvanic current transmitted through the nervous vagus."

True; but although there are many known analogies between nervous action and galvanic action, we expressly distinguish between *analogy* and *identity*; this was our phrase: "If the vital force presents several analogies with galvanic force, it also presents several striking differences; so much so, that no good physiologist believes in their identity." There are many analogies between Light, Heat, and Electricity; nevertheless, the differences which individualize these agents prevent our arguing that what one will perform the other will perform; and until the nerve-force has decomposed water, leaving both elements free, it is unphilosophical to argue that it does so, because of its resemblance to galvanic force. We omit the other points in Ignis's letter; we should have to dispute them at some length, and we fear our readers have had "something too much" of this subject.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

Black House. No. 14.

Braser's Magazine.

Digress. Part III.

The New Quarterly Review.

Dudley's Miscellany.

The Eclectic Review.

The Two Widows. No. 1.

Universal Library. Nos. 11 and 12.

The Portrait Gallery.

Australia Visited and Revisited. By S. Mossman.

The Diary and Hours of the Lady Adeline, a faithful Child, 1552.

The Scottish Review. No. 2.

Elements of Psychology. Part I. By J. D. Morell, A.M.

Westminster Review.

Count Arnsberg; or the Days of Martin Luther. By Joseph Sortain. 2 vols.

W. Blackwood and Sons.

Bradbury and Evans.

J. W. Parker.

Piper Brothers.

Hookham and Sons.

R. Bentley.

Ward and Co.

T. G. Newby.

Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

W. S. Orr and Co.

Addy and Co.

Houlston and Stoneman.

W. Pickering.

John Chapman.

R. Forthorpe.

RICHARDSON'S AFRICAN DIARY.

Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, performed during the years 1850-51, under the orders and at the expense of her Majesty's Government. By the late James Richardson. 2 Vols. Chapman and Hall.

THIS work is of unusual interest and durable importance. Every reader has heard of the adventurous Mission undertaken by the late Mr. Richardson, and countenanced by our Government, for the exploration of the untroubled lands of Central Africa—a Mission accomplished with great success, though unhappily at the expense of the originator's life; and here in these two volumes we are introduced to the domestic history of that expedition, following it step by step, detail by detail, with unabated interest and with most precise instruction. The eight closely written volumes of a Diary, together with a vast amount of Despatches and Memoranda, have been edited by Bayle St. John in truly workmanlike style—from the chaos of MSS. two entertaining volumes have been fashioned; and, be it observed, without any recourse to "writing up" or manufacture on the Editor's part. It is Mr. Richardson's own plain, straightforward language which is given to us; and nothing can be more calculated to secure the confidence, thereby securing the interest, of the reader than the unaffected directness, the "unadorned eloquence," of Mr. Richardson's entries. There was every opportunity for rhetoric, for brilliant description, for picturesque treatment; but Mr. Richardson's mind was not of the rhetorical or pictorial turn, and in the sincerity of his details we have materials upon which our own imaginations may work.

Quite apart from its geographical and ethnographical value, this work has an attraction for the general reader. It is a charming book of travels. The scenery, the perils, the pictures of African characteristics, and the glimpses of natural history, will enchant by their novelty. Our extracts will be sufficiently varied to indicate the contents.

THE YOUNG CAMEL.

"One of the nagahs foaled this day, which partly accounts for our detention. For some time afterwards the cries of the little camel for its mother, gone to feed, distressed us, and called to our mind the life of toil and pain that was before the little delicate, ungainly thing. It is worth noticing, that the foal of the camel is frolicsome only for a few days after its birth—soon becoming sombre in aspect and solemn in gait. As if to prepare it betimes for the rough buffeting of the world, the nagah never licks or caresses its young, but spreads its legs to lower the tent to the eager lips, and stares at the horizon, or continues to browse."

LIFE IN THE OASIS.

"We could scarcely, at first, find anybody to receive us. But after waiting some time, the people came unwillingly crawling out one after the other. We told them our errand—'To look at the country and buy barley.' They swore they had none—not a grain; but when we swore in our turn that we would pay them for what we wanted, they admitted having a little that belonged to some people in Fezzan. I was amused with the eloquent indignation of our burly chaouch when they professed complete destitution at first. 'You dogs! do you live on stones?' cried he. This was a settler, and showed them that they had knowing ones to deal with. Of course their original shyness arose from fear lest we might rob them. When a bargain was struck they became quite friendly, and brought us out some oil, barley-cakes, and boiled eggs—all the luxuries of the oasis!

"With the exception of the little valley we had crossed, nothing could be seen from Ghareeah but a dreary waste, especially to the south and east. A tower of modern date rises to the east, on a solitary rock; and we knew that Eastern Ghareeah was concealed among the hills at a distance of six hours. The inhabitants of these secluded towns are called Waringah, and promise shortly to become extinct. In this Western Ghareeah there are twenty heads of families, but very few children—scarcely sixty souls altogether; and the population of the other place, which gives itself airs of metropolitan importance, is not more than double. How they have not abandoned the place long ago to jackals and hawks is a mystery. They do not possess a single camel; only two or three asses and some flocks of sheep; and depend, in a great measure, on chance profits from caravans, for their valley often only affords provision for a couple of months or so. At intervals, it is true, when there has been much rain, they sell barley in the neighbouring valleys; but this season has been a dry one, and the crop has consequently fallen short. When they have no barley, they say, they eat dates; and when the dates are out, they fast—a long, continual fast—and famine takes them off one by one. The melancholy remnant preserve traditions of prosperity in comparatively recent times. Notwithstanding their miserable condition, however, these wretched people are drained by taxation of thirty makhbous per annum—so many drops of blood! The eastern village pays in proportion. Possibly in a few years this cluster of wadis may be abandoned to chance Arab visitors, so that the starting-point for the traverse of the Hamadah will be removed farther back, perhaps to Mizdah. There is no life in the civilization which claims lordship over these countries unfriended by nature. The only object of those who wield paramount authority over them seems to be to extract money in the most vexatious and expeditious manner."

THE WATERLESS DESERT.

"The sun was setting as our caravan, which we had collected in as compact a body as possible, got under way, and rising out of the valley of Tabooneeah, began to enter upon the plateau. It is difficult to convey an idea of the solemn impressions with which one enters upon such a journey. Everything a-head is unknown, and invested with perhaps exaggerated terrors by imagination and report. The name of Desert—the waterless Desert—hangs over the horizon, and suggests the most gloomy apprehensions. Behind, in the fading light, the trees of the valley still show their dim groups; before, the lofty level, slightly broken by undulations, stretches away. There was one cheering thought, however. My companions had by this time set up their tent for the night; and although, creeping along at the camel's slow pace, we could not expect to come up to that temporary home until it was about to be deserted, still the knowledge of its existence took away much of the mysterious terror with which I entered upon this desolate region in the hour of coming shadows. An additional solemnity was imparted to the commencement of this arduous journey by the fact that we now passed the last pillar erected by the Romans. Their mighty power seems to have recoiled, as well it might, before the horrid aspect of the Hamadah.

"We pushed on at a steady pace over the rough ground; and as I surveyed the scene from my elevated position on the camel's back, I could not help contrasting this primitive style of travelling with that with which I had been conversant a few

months before. Instead of whirling along the summit of an embankment, or through a horizontal well miles deep, in a machine that always reminded me of a disjointed dragon, at the rate of some fifty miles an hour, here I was leisurely swaying to and fro on the back of the slowest beast that man has ever tamed, in the midst of a crowd loosely scattered over the country, some on foot, some in the saddle—not seeking to keep any determinate track, but following a general direction by the light of the stars, which shine with warm beneficence overhead. There is no sound to attract the ear, save the measured tread of the caravan, the occasional ‘*Taa! Taa!*’ of the drivers, the hasty wrench with which our camels snatch a mouthful of some ligneous plant that clings to the stony soil, the creaking of the baggage, or the whistling of the wind that comes moaning over the desert. These are truly moments in a man’s life to remember; and I shall ever look back to that solemn night-march over the desert, which my pen fails to describe, with sentiments of pleasurable awe.”

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

“A little story may find its place here, as an apt illustration of the state of society and manners in this out-of-the-way capital. A married woman preferred another man to her husband, and frankly confessed that her affections had strayed. Her lord, instead of flying into a passion, and killing her on the spot, thought a moment, and said,—

“I will consent to divorce you, if you will promise one thing.”

“What is that?” inquired the delighted wife.

“You must look to me only when I pass on the day of the celebration of your nuptials with the other man.”

Now it is the custom for women, under such circumstances, to look to (that is, salute with a peculiar cry) any handsome male passer-by. However, the woman promised, the divorce took place, and the lover was soon promoted into a second husband. On the day of the wedding, however, the man who had exacted the promise passed by the camel on which the bride was riding, and saluted her, as is the custom, with the discharge of his firelock. Upon this she remembered, and looked to him. The new bridegroom, enraged at this marked preference, noticing that she had not greeted any one else, and thinking possibly that he was playing the part of a dupe, instantly fell upon his bride and slew her. He had scarcely done so when the brothers of the woman came up and shot him down; so that the first husband compassed ample vengeance without endangering himself in the slightest degree. This is an instance of Arab cunning.”

No extract can convey anything like the picture here given of African character, especially in its barbarian aspects of sensuality, lying, and fanaticism, because the picture is painted by a series of minute touches, jotted down as experience furnished them. We must send our readers to the work itself.

CLAVERSTON.

Claverston: a Tale. By Charles Mitchell Charles, Author of *Hamon and Catar*. Saunders and Otley.

THERE is a certain directness and onrushing vehemence in this story which carries the reader to the end; but in adopting “melodrama and excitement as essential to a story of the duplex life we are at present living,” Mr. Charles has made a mistake. When a man writes melodramatic novels and believes in them—believes in his blue fire and fierce ha! ha’s!—believes that his villains are portraits of human nature, and that his rant is passion—he has a reasonable chance of success; for there is something in conviction which suffuses a work with its own glow, and makes it interesting. All this is lost when the writer adopts melodrama and excitement *de gaieté de cœur*, or as a calculated “effect,” thus “writing down” to what he believes to be the taste of the public. No man should write down to any taste; he lowers himself, and does not effect his object.

Throughout this tale of *Claverston* we see the strings and the man who pulls them; were it less well written it would be intolerable, for the story is as improbable as it is hackneyed, and the characters “are no characters at all.” A gloomy, mysterious father, who, out of very tenderness for his son, will not see him, lest he should be tempted to betray the secret of his gloom—which is nothing less than the old story of a murder committed in jealousy—is a fit and proper person for melodrama, but somehow here he is not terrible. Mr. Charles does not himself believe in him! *Si vis me flere, &c.*

The “excitement” which is at times produced in the course of this tale by means of drowning, house-breaking, abduction, and footpads, is done in the most deliberate manner—introduced for the sake of “exciting,” but having no sort of bearing on the course of the story, and producing more disappointment than pleasure.

Mr. Charles is capable of far higher things. He writes well; he has ideas; he has enthusiasm. Let him instead of “writing down,” write up to his highest ideal, and he will produce a very different impression.

THE COMETS.

The Comets: a Descriptive Treatise upon those Bodies, with a Condensed Account of the numerous modern Discoveries respecting them. By J. Russell Hind. J. W. Parker and Son.

It was an excellent idea to make the Comets the subject of a small volume apart; for, in treatises on Astronomy, they usually form but a small episode, and the rapid advances of knowledge in this direction have rendered fuller treatment desirable. Mr. Russell Hind is an astronomer, and one who has clear conceptions of what is needed in a popular treatise—which astronomers seldom have. He has brought together in small compass the scattered materials accessible only to patient research: and has produced a volume of very decided usefulness and interest.

He begins with a description of what Comets are, their number, duration of visibility, length of their apparent tracks, their nuclei and tails, and their apparent dimensions. Very instructive it is to note the different results of the two modes of viewing these bodies—the theological and the positive.

“The historians of these ages, in speaking of comets, frequently describe them as of ‘horrible aspect,’ or as celestial monsters of prodigious magnitude, fearful and terrible stars. While they were beheld with such feelings of dread and superstition, it will hardly be expected that many useful accounts of their movements amongst the stars would be transmitted to us, and it accordingly happens

that but very little information available to astronomers at the present day, is to be found in European chronicles. The Chinese astronomers, though they looked upon comets without any fears of their malignant agencies, had a very fanciful opinion respecting them, which nevertheless led to the frequent observation of the position of these bodies in the heavens, the results of which have been found most valuable in modern times.”

The dread which they inspired prevented observation, and from the want of this observation the mystery and dread were kept up!

Mr. Russell Hind calculates that something like 4000 comets must have approached the sun within the orbit of Mars, since the commencement of the Christian Era.

“When a comet is conspicuous to the naked eye, it consists, in nearly every case, of a roundish and more or less condensed mass of nebulous matter, termed the *head*, from which issues, in a direction opposite to that of the sun, a train of a lighter kind of nebulosity, called the *tail*. Sometimes the centre of the head is occupied by a starlike point or *nucleus*; at others by a well-defined planetary disk, while in by far the greater number of instances, it exhibits nothing more than a higher degree of condensation of the nebulous matter, which always has a confused appearance in the telescope. Occasionally a low magnifying power will afford evidence of the existence of a stellar nucleus, but, on applying higher magnifiers, this appearance vanishes, the light towards the centre being merely of greater intensity than at the borders, without coming up suddenly to a point, so as to resemble a star. *Telescopic comets* are generally destitute of a tail, and appear most commonly as roundish nebulosities, strongly condensed towards the centre, but without any decided nucleus. There are exceptions, however, to this rule, as we shall presently find. The same comet may put on at different times of its visibility, every variety of figure and general appearance, from the dim nebulous spot hardly discernible in the telescope to the ‘*cometa terribilis*,’ ‘*horrendæ magnitudinis*,’ the tailed and hairy stars which spread so much alarm amongst our forefathers, before science showed the groundlessness of such fears. These changes in the aspect of the same comet, are caused by variation in its distance from the earth and sun, by its position in respect to the former, and possibly also in some degree by actual change in the form of the comet itself.

“The *envelope*, mentioned by astronomers in their observations of large comets, consists of a border of light surrounding the head on the side near the sun, and passing round in each direction, so as to form the commencement of the tail.

“The *Coma* is the nebulosity which surrounds a highly condensed or planetary nucleus.

“Some comets have attained such an extraordinary degree of splendour, as to be distinctly visible at noonday, or to render the stars dim by contrast, and cast sensible shadows at night.”

Of the comets’ tails he says—

“Though, as we have seen, the nuclei of comets have occasionally attained so great a degree of brightness as to be discernible in full daylight, or to cast shadows at night, it is their tails or trains which give them so imposing an appearance in the heavens, and which have excited so much astonishment in all ages. But very few of the brighter comets have been observed without an appendage of this kind, though the telescopic class rarely appear otherwise than as roundish nebulosities. In some comets the tail has been observed as a long narrow ray of light, somewhat brighter near the head, and gradually fading away into darkness. In others a dark line has divided it into two branches, and instances are on record where two tails, evidently distinct from each other, have been remarked. Other comets have bushy, fan-shaped tails, compared by the ancient observers to the train of a peacock. Not unfrequently the appearance of the tail will vary greatly on successive evenings, or even during the same night.

“As a general rule, the tail of a comet is turned from the sun, forming a prolongation of the radius vector, or of the line joining the sun and comet.

“It would lead us far beyond the limits of the present work, were we to particularize all the varied phenomena which have been observed in the tails of comets, but there is one singular appearance in the trains of great comets which we must not pass over in silence. It consists of apparent vibrations or coruscations, similar to the pulsations peculiar to the Aurora Borealis. These vibrations commence at the head, and appear to traverse the whole length of the tail in a few seconds of time. The cause was long supposed to be connected with the nature of the comet itself, but Olbers pointed out that such appearances could only be attributed to the effects of our own atmosphere. The reason is this: the various portions of the tail of a large comet must often be situated at widely different distances from the earth, so that it will frequently happen that light would require several minutes longer to reach us from the extremity of the tail than from the end near the nucleus. Hence, if the coruscation were caused by some electrical emanation from the head of the comet, travelling along the tail, even if it occupied only one second in passing over the whole distance, several minutes must necessarily elapse before we could see it reach the end of the tail. This is contrary to observation, the pulsation being almost instantaneous.”

The length of these tails is thus estimated—

“The tails of comets in some cases extend only a few hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, while in others they are projected to the astonishing distance of one hundred or one hundred and fifty millions of miles, or even more. The train of the first comet of 1847 was 5,000,000 miles in length; of the beautiful comet of 1744, 19,000,000; of the comet of 1769, about 40,000,000. The third of 1618 had a tail more than 50,000,000 miles in length, when it crossed the plane of the earth’s orbit about the 25th of November, and it was subsequently of greater extent. The great comets of 1680 and 1811 had trains considerably more than 100,000,000 miles long; and the second of the latter year was accompanied by a tail 130,000,000 miles in length. Even these comets, however, were surpassed by the grand one which attracted so much attention in 1843, and which exhibited a brilliant train that on different dates was found to attain the enormous distances of 150, 180, and 200 millions of miles from the head! If such a comet had been in the plane of the ecliptic, and close to the sun, the train would have extended far beyond the orbits of the Earth and Mars, terminating amongst those of the minor planets. Yet this wonderful appendage was formed in less than three weeks.”

What is said on their physical constitution, and the danger our planet runs, is worth extracting.

“Concerning the physical constitution of comets we have but a very imperfect knowledge at present. Sir John Herschel regards them as masses of thin vapour,

capable of reflecting the solar rays from their internal as well as external parts—an inference which is rendered necessary, in order to account for all the phenomena revealed by telescopes. It is certain that stars of a very faint class have been repeatedly seen through comets of from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand miles in diameter, and, in the majority of cases, not the least perceptible diminution of the star's brightness took place. There are one or two instances on record, where astronomers have been convinced of a sensible increase of brilliancy when a star has been viewed through the cometic vapour. In addition to a remarkable observation of this kind by Piazzi, at Palermo, during the appearance of the grand comet of 1811, we may mention a more recent one by Professor Reschuber of Kremsmünster, in reference to a star seen through the denser part of a comet discovered by M. Brorsen in March 1846, and which, under ordinary circumstances, belonged to the eighth class, or was just beyond unassisted vision. When the star was centrally covered by the comet, it became very considerably brighter, and was judged to be equivalent to a star of the sixth magnitude, in which case it would have been distinctly visible without a telescope. Professor Struve made some interesting observations during the transit of the comet of Biela over a small star, on November 6th, 1832. The brightness of the star was not in the least diminished by the intervention of the comet, and its light suffered no perceptible refraction, a point established by a continuous series of measures with the micrometer.

"That comets shine by a reflected light is a conclusion which few astronomers will dispute. It is evident from telescopic observation of the degree of brilliancy at different distances, and in various positions of a comet, with respect to the sun and earth, and M. Arago has established the fact from experiments with a polariscope, during the visibility of the famous comet of Halley in the autumn of 1835. Still the variation in the intensity of light is not universally such, as should follow if the comet merely reflected the sun's rays, under certain permanent conditions, and we are under the necessity of looking to physical causes inherent in the body itself for an explanation of some few observations which appear irreconcilable with the theory of reflected solar light. The first comet of 1780 was closely examined by Dr. Olbers, the eminent astronomer of Bremen. He found it attained its greatest brightness on the 8th of November, thirteen days subsequent to its discovery, whereas, according to the law of reflected light, it should have become gradually fainter since the first observation; and, supposing the comet self-luminous, the intensity of light should have increased each day until November 26, when the maximum would take place; yet, in the interval between the 8th and 26th of that month, it grew rapidly less. The comet discovered by Dr. Galle, of Berlin, on the 25th of January, 1840, presented similar anomalies. Assuming that it had no light of its own, it should have appeared twice as bright on the 23rd of February as on the 21st of March, yet at the latter date Professor Plantamour found the intensity of light had increased in the proportion of more than two to one. Such variations are probably to be attributed to changes in the physical constitution of the comet, due to the action of the sun.

"With our present imperfect knowledge of the nature of the matter of which these bodies are composed, it is not to be expected that we can gain a clear insight into the laws of the forces exercised upon it, through which the envelope and tail are formed. The nucleus, or more condensed part of the head, appears to possess the power of throwing off towards the sun a portion of the cometic atmosphere, which, before it can attain any great distance from the nucleus, is driven backward in two streams passing on either side of the head, and ultimately blending into one to form the tail. This repulsive energy must very far exceed the force of gravitation. Generally speaking, the axis of the tail preserves a rectilinear form throughout the greater part of its length, a curvature of the extremity being only occasionally seen, and probably attributable to the failure of the repulsive force, and the gradual effect of a resisting medium upon these distant and extremely rare portions of the train. The disappearance of the tail as the comet recedes from the sun, may be owing either to its being attracted into the nucleus as that luminary loses its power upon it, or it may be partly dispersed in the surrounding space.

"In the case of bodies like comets, moving through the planetary spaces in every direction, it cannot be denied that there is a possibility of the Earth's coming in collision with one of them in the lapse of time; but we are able to show from legitimate reasoning that the chance of such a catastrophe is very small indeed. M. Arago has calculated that the probability against it is greater than 250,000,000 to one. We know that the earth has had one or two narrow escapes within the last two centuries, as in 1680 and 1832, when comets crossed the plane of the ecliptic almost on the path of our globe, though at these times we were, perhaps fortunately, removed many millions of miles from the dangerous part of the orbit. The comet of 1770 has approached nearer to us than any other of these bodies whose elements have been sufficiently well determined. On the 1st of July it was distant from the Earth only 363 terrestrial semidiameters or 1,438,000 miles. The great comets of 837, 1402, and 1472, must have come within a very short distance from our globe, and another small one, which was observed by Flaugergues in 1826, seems to have made a close apse. Olbers mentions several which have crossed the ecliptic at points not far removed from the annual track of the earth."

The history given in these pages of Halley's comet is as exciting as a novel. With a feeling of awe and curiosity not easily defined, we follow the extraordinary calculations of men predicting from a few data when the comet will make its appearance, and their success fills the mind with a strange inward glow. We commend this book to the reader's serious attention.

TRACTS AGAINST SUNDAY REFORM.

(BATCH THE FIRST.)

WHEN we are once fairly committed to the encounter of a determined and active adversary, it becomes a matter of vital importance to ascertain as exactly as we can what weapons he has got to use against us, and what amount of skill he possesses in employing them, whether for hostile or for defensive purposes. Now, towards persons of our way of thinking on the subject of Sunday Reform, those who advocate the strict continuance of present Sabbath Observances, stand in the position of adversaries—in many instances, of bitter, uncompromising, violent adversaries. We who desire to see the New Palace at Sydenham opened on Sundays, and they who desire to keep it shut, can come to no terms, can agree to no truce, until the question be legislatively and definitely settled, one way or the other. Under these circumstances, we must keep a sharp look-out on the weapons employed against us by our opponents, and test, as truly as

may be, their real force and means of doing mischief. What engines of annihilation are our adversaries now bringing to bear on us? They are pointing on our position the heavy artillery of the pulpit; they are scattering over our heads the small grape-shot of platform speeches; they are springing mines under our feet, as hostile shareholders in the New Crystal Palace Company; and they are incessantly keeping up a harassing fire of small-arms (generally at the expense of a penny a shot), in the shape of printed pamphlets, tracts, and addresses to the working man. Leaving unnoticed the heavier weapons of attack, which have been already tested at their true worth in this journal and in other places, we now propose to ascertain, as exactly as we can, what amount of mischief the fire of small-arms is really capable of perpetrating—or, in other words, and to drop metaphor, we want to see what the Sabbatarians have got to say for themselves in their pamphlets and their tracts.

Such of these small publications as have reached us at the present time of writing, number about thirty, are charged for by the hundred, and are said to be circulated by the thousand. The first thing that strikes us in looking them over, is the astonishing fertility of resource exhibited by the writers in the choice of titles. We have titles of every kind and in every known variety. For instance, we have the obscurely imperative order of title in *Make the most of it*, by an anonymous author; we have the diffusely poetical title in *Heaven's Rest for the Sons of Toil*, by "One of the Million;" we have the surly proverbial title in *No New Lamps for Old*, by the author of *Your Place in Church is empty* (evidently a gentleman connected with the pew-letting interest); and we have the abruptly inquisitive title, *Is it Expedient?* by the Rev. Capel Molyneux. Then, again, there is the Reverend Mr. Champneys, who doubtless thinks brevity the soul of controversy, as well as of wit, and accordingly exhausts the whole subject in four words on his title-page,—*God's Sabbath, England's Safety*. There is an anonymous, but patriotic, theologian, who imitates the clap-trap example of the puffing advertisers, and metaphorically christens his tract *Our National Defences*, by way of catching all eyes (Militiamen's especially) with a popular cry of the day. And lastly (for we must stop somewhere), there is the Reverend Mr. Moore, who on his title-page rings the Sabbatarian alarm-bell, and shouts aloud a sort of Church Militant War-Whoop, in these tremendous words:—*Our Sabbath in Danger!*

Out of this mass of tracts, and out of the much larger collection not hitherto noticed, which are we to select first for examination? Must we decide the question in despair by the laws of chance, shaking up all the pamphlets together in any receptacle large enough to hold them (say an empty pail), and reviewing them one by one exactly in the order in which we happen to pull them out? No! we are not quite reduced to that last dire necessity yet. By great good fortune there happens to be one lady among the avowed authors of the Tracts—our gallantry instantly extricates us from all difficulties; here, as elsewhere, let us give precedence to the fair sex, and begin our critical duties at once with Mrs. Robert Hanbury's pamphlet, called *God Is Love*.

We beg seriously to take exception, at the outset, to this title, as profane. To associate the name of the Deity with the buying and selling operations incident to the publication of a controversial penny Tract—necessarily asked for and produced across a shop counter by its name, and necessarily criticised and argued about in ordinary conversation by its name also—is, in our opinion, little better than treating the most tremendous of all subjects with the most blasphemous familiarity. As to the pamphlet itself, it contains a great deal in the way of vague exhortation to piety, mixed with a very little in the way of opposition to the project of Sunday Reform, against which it purports to be written. It is not until we get to page seven that we fairly arrive at

MRS. ROBERT HANBURY'S SOLUTION OF THE SUNDAY PROBLEM.

"Now, there are some people (she writes) who think that they love you better than God loves you. They say you have so much hard work, so little fresh air, that you need some amusement, some change, some relaxation, and they desire to open a Crystal Palace, and a garden, where you may go on the seventh day, to find pleasure and entertainment for your minds, and refreshment and strength for your bodies, by the change of scene and fresh air. My friend, do you believe that those who wish you to go to the Crystal Palace on Sunday love you better than God loves you? Will you not trust God more than you trust them? Will you not have the rest that God has ordered for you instead of the rest that they are arranging for you?" &c. &c. &c.

We beg to inform Mrs. Hanbury, as being fellow-labourers with the "people" alluded to at the beginning of the above extract, that no such profane idea ever entered our heads as that of setting our love for the poor man in antagonism to God's love for the poor man. The idea we had was, and is, simply the idea of loving our neighbour as ourselves. But it is quite as useless to argue with Mrs. Hanbury as it would be to argue with "Mr. Chadband"—their style of religious discussion being indeed almost precisely the same. It is due to the authoress of the Tract, however, to inform our readers, that the particular species of heavenly repose to which she alludes above, is rather obscurely defined by her (at page ten) as "rest for the soul, rest for worldly cares, and rest from earth." Apparently feeling that this sort of "rest" is rather easier of attainment on the rich man's drawing-room sofa, than on the poor man's rickety chair with half the bottom knocked out of it, the lady suggests, in a note to her pamphlet, the erection of Sunday public-houses of call for the pious poor, the walls to be adorned with "pictures and texts," and the temperature to be carefully attended to in winter and summer. As this project, if carried out, would actually realize, in point of principle and of fact, nothing but an extremely squalid, and utterly miserable imitation of that very Crystal Palace, for the Sunday opening of which we ourselves are pleading, we think we may be now justified in taking farewell of Mrs. Robert Hanbury, with the comfortable conviction that if there be any such thing as argument at all in her production, it is most assuredly argument on our own side of the question.

Who, of all the male authors now on our list, is most worthy to come after the lady who has just occupied our attention? Surely a dignitary

of the church! Let us see what the Rev. John Jackson—the new Bishop of Lincoln—has to say against Sunday Reform.*

So far as our researches in Sabbatarian literature have at present conducted us, we can award the palm to the Bishop, as being the best writer on his side of the question whom we have yet met with. He has done, we think, as much as can be effected by any advocate for what we sincerely believe to be an essentially worthless cause; and he writes generally in a fair and temperate spirit; except in certain places, where he allows himself (see pages 9 and 10) to impute mean and mercenary motives to those who oppose his own views—an act of injustice which we should hardly have expected from a writer who sets out by reprobating personalities of any kind in the first page of his pamphlet.

The Bishop wisely discusses the subject “on the grounds of its own promoters”—so far, at least, as he can see over them. He begins his tract by some of those learned references to “the law of Moses,” to “Constantine,” and to “Theodosius,” which we consider to have no direct bearing on the question now under consideration; and which he himself admits (page 5) to be beside the point on which he is writing. This “point” is thus stated at page 7:—

“The immediate effect then of this measure”—the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday—“would be to oblige a large number of men, employed in such places of amusement, to work on Sunday as well as on other days, probably without any proportionate increase of wages, in many cases against their consciences, and in all cases to their great injury, both physically and morally. Now, what right have we to inflict this injury only for our own amusement?”

The above passage reads very glibly and clearly; but the same logical fallacy which lies at the bottom of the Bishop's otherwise clever argument throughout its whole course, is visible enough, to those who choose to see it, here. This fallacy may be thus briefly stated:—The writer introduces certain assumptions of his own, which may or may not be true, for the purpose of arguing from them immediately afterwards, as if they were proved matters of fact. There are three assumptions, for instance, in the passage we have quoted. The Bishop assumes—1st, That persons employed in the Crystal Palace on Sundays would work on that day without proportionate increase of wages; 2nd, That they would be obliged to work against their consciences; 3rd, That they would be injured physically and morally by such labour. Having stated these assumptions, he instantly argues (as if they were all granted and all true) that we shall be inflicting an injury for our own amusement, in opening the Crystal Palace on Sunday. Let us now assume on our side—1st, That the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company are sufficiently liberal and honourable gentlemen to pay the labourer liberally and honourably (more especially when the eyes of England are on them) for whatever work he does on the seventh day; 2nd, That church accommodation in the neighbourhood of Sydenham will be provided for the persons employed in the Park and the Palace, and such a system of military relief on duty be adopted, as shall enable all servants of the Company to attend service on Sunday at one hour of the day or another; 3rd, That this relief on duty, and this privilege of going to church, will prevent the men from suffering physical and moral injury—both being evils which it is the interest of the Company (to assert no higher motive) specially to avert from all whom they employ. Grant us, in our turn, these three assumptions (not one whit more wild as speculations on the result of an experiment, before that experiment has been tried, than the assumptions of our opponent)—and what becomes of the Bishop's argument?


The only remaining “point” in the pamphlet of any importance, which requires disposing of, is this:—The Bishop objects to money being received on Sunday at the doors of the Crystal Palace (he intimates that his opposition to the project would cease if admission were gratuitous on that day); and asks why “traders in amusement” should be allowed to trade on the Sabbath, and not traders in cotton too? We answer at once to this question—because they are traders in “amusement”; and because we want “amusement” on the Sabbath, and do not want cotton or any other mill-produce. As to the general objection to receiving money at Sydenham on Sunday, we can only remind the Bishop of what his own experience must have shown him—that when people have money in their pockets to spend, they will spend it somewhere. There is more than one place now open in London on a Sunday where a man may employ his surplus earnings impurely. Where is there any place at which he could spend them more innocently than at the door of the Crystal Palace?

We might, perhaps, refer, in this place, before concluding the present notice, to the Bishop's Jewish protest against the performance of any work on Sunday, as if he were really unaware that there is plenty of work already going on, in our houses and out of our houses, on that day. But, as he shares this peculiar Sabbatarian delusion, in common with many other writers of many other tracts, which we have yet to review, we prefer waiting to speak fully on this part of the subject, from some new text, at our earliest available opportunity.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GOSWELL.

A STORY OF A DRESS.

 AMONG the sights of London I encountered one that I little expected to see, and it may not be uninteresting to some of our friends down South. I was looking at the palace of the Kings—not at all equal to the White House which is open to every citizen—and it was there that a sight struck me which was not quite pleasant for one of Uncle Sam's nephews. A bevy of fair ladies were leaving a great house,

* Sunday: a Day of Rest, or a Day of Work? By John Jackson. London: Skellington.

with a crowd of folks looking at them, and police to keep order. The ladies had been attending a meeting to sympathise with *Uncle Tom*—that benighted and maudering Old Nigger whose jargon helps to prevent our real statesmen from making the men of the South even listen to reason. The poor ladies, however, looked more fit for a ball, or a morning concert, than for any political work in earnest; and their countenances were guilty of nothing worse than a little holiday bustle, newly spiced with Black pepper.

But something was to happen besides this “Uncle-Tomerie.” In the crowd I saw a young couple, who were waiting out of more than mere curiosity. You could see that by the eye of the girl. The young man also watched the ladies as they came out, but evidently his care was the girl. At last a lady issued from the door—a tall, handsome woman, with fine aristocratic features, bold yet delicate; a very voluptuous countenance, if the sensuous look had not been rendered harsh by a slight habitual sneer of scorn, very common with English people of “high birth;” her face being also, if it is not rude to say so, a little hardened by time. She must have been a glorious creature, and she looked to think herself still so. She was in no hurry—haste would have spoiled her costume. I wish I could describe it, but that would need a less republican pen than mine. Her noble throat rose out of a wide expanse of delicate and brilliant silk, softened with a large white shawl and a variety of lace, or whatever else it was; but the taste of the arrangement disposed the mass of soft strips so as to display, and not to disguise, the grace of her tall and rather slender figure.

“That gown,” said I to the young man, “cost more in the making than in the stuff.”

“It might in your country,” he answered, turning round sharp to look at me—though I did not know that I had any peculiar accent; “but in this country the labour is the least part of the cost; except to the labourer.” He had an accent not quite English.

“What have all these fair ladies been doing, sir?” I asked.

“Meeting about *Uncle Tom*,” said he. “I wish they would look to the slaves in their own country.”

“We don't get up abolition meetings for the White Niggers of Manchester, sir,” said I.

“No,” said he, “I wish you did. But *Manchester* is not our South. There are worse places than that not so far off.”

The fine lady came down the steps, and then the young woman, who had not attended at all to us, stepped close to the lady and spoke to her. A policeman came forward to remove the girl; and my blood boiled to see a fellow in a glazed hat attempt to touch a female; but the lady herself stopped him with a wave of her hand. The girl repented what she said, but I did not hear it. The lady looked—not surprised, she was too proud for that, but unbelieving. The girl again spoke; and the lady again replied; and then the lady motioned to the girl to get into her carriage. They both got in; and after a few words to the footman—a fine gentleman in a lovely, delicate, blue coat, with white gloves, and cheeks like a girl's—the carriage drove off.

The young man looked for an instant into my face, and then asked me if I could run. Without reply, I joined him in following the carriage. We ran barely a mile, and then we arrived at the door of a poor house in a small street, before the carriage. The young man followed the woman, and I followed him, nobody stopping me, I suppose because I did not look as if I expected they would. A sense of silence came over us as we went up stairs, and the rustling of the fine lady's dress was the loudest noise as we crept up. We all entered a small room, and as we did so a child began to cry. The young woman took it from another who held it, to suckle it, and so to stay the little voice which disturbed the quiet room with its healthy discontent.

The silence lay thickest at the further end, on a narrow, white bed, which the lady approached, and gazed upon. On it lay a young woman, but partially undressed, ghastly pale, with her eyes closed. By her side, with its head pillowed on the arm that partly clasped it, lay a little child; like its mother in paleness, like her in its closed eyes; but unlike her, whose breath was scarcely heard, in its short and painful breathing, which would have been loud, had it not sunk to the hurried whisper of departing life.

We all gazed for a minute in silence, and in reverence for mortal suffering, which calls, alike republican and aristocrat, rich and poor, to account. The lady looked at the sick woman, and then at the dark-eyed young girl who had brought her, and who kept her eyes fixed on the lady: the proud woman's look seemed to ask why she had been brought there.

“Jessy wished me to fetch you,” cried the happier mother, for she could nourish and quiet her child. I noticed that there was no ring upon her finger, however.

“Poor thing! But I would have assisted her, without”—and the lady put her hand into her pocket for her purse.

“No, it is too late for that. You must do something else for her, and you are bound—you are doubly bound.”

Again the lady's proud eyes looked a question. There was no fear in her face, but her glance round implied a challenge of the right to keep her there.

“It was your haughty haste that killed her; it was yours that brought her so near death. Yes, Lady Julia, I do not mean to offend you, but you

ought to know the truth—such as you ought to know it. That is a beautiful dress you have on, very beautiful, far too beautiful for poor Jessy to wear. But when did you order it? Was there time for human hands to make it before 'you must have it,' for this very day! And who set the finish to that beautiful dress? Whose aching fingers put the last work into it? Jessy's, there; and when I took it from her, last night, she lay down to die!"

The proud lady was silent; her eyes bent upon the dying woman, without retort; and her haughty features softened to a gaze of reflecting sorrow. For these English women have hearts in their bosoms, haughty and cold as they seem—at least, some have. Suddenly the lady's manner altered, as if she threw off some mantle of pride and restraint, and turning once more to the girl that brought her, with a low, simple, direct way of speaking, she said—"And what can be done, now?"

"One thing—to let pride of luxury come and do homage to want and misery, when death raises the lowly above the high."

"I have done that."

"Next, to bring justice and consolation to parting life. On that bed lies, half-conscious, the poor seamstress who died at her needle—it is a common end enough. But that same woman—not half your age—do you see her child?"

The lady bowed.

"How much would you rate its life worth? Why is it there at all? Why come into the world only to look for a few uncertain days upon its misery? Who called it?"

The girl paused, as a sigh from the dying woman summoned her attention; but she went on, bent to make out the retribution, where redemption could not come.

"Lady Julia, do you know what it is to have temptations—hopes of the heart where no straight path of hope appears? You cannot. If ever you are tempted—and you are—and you yield, your face tells it—you have not been driven by total wretchedness and despair. Love never visited you, in misery and privation, and endless toil; never came from a distant world of pleasure and power; never whispered into your wearied ear, that pleasure might in itself be a release from slavery; never won you to one short dream of delirious delight, and then left you, back in that nightmare of pleasureless toil, to await the consequences of pleasure taken, pleasure granted, without bond exacted. But it did come so to poor Jessy there."

The lady began to look impatient. I notice of these English, that they can never listen to any narrative of sufferings, save when they tell it of themselves.

"You are looking at my hand," said the girl, holding it out, to confess by the act that it was ringless: "but I was not deserted. Trouble and sorrow have I, but not despair. Bertrand, take the darling." She gave her own baby to the young man, and stooped over the other's child. "Now, Lady Julia, look closer, and see if in this poor death-stricken little creature's face you can trace a proud likeness. Jessy on her deserted death-bed has conceived a longing to see the father of her child. Both will be gone soon, and why should not that little wish be gratified? Would the father grudge that trouble?—he took more to persuade Jessy out of her hard poverty into his pleasure! Would he be too much of a coward to visit this poor room where suffering and ghastly death have succeeded love?"

Lady Julia looked to see if an answer was expected to questions that seemed so abstract.

"Do not be amazed, for it is you only can answer. Poor Jessy's last toil was to finish the gown you wear. The father of her child is your son."

A dead silence followed this somewhat startling announcement, and the girl evidently took a pleasure, which Bertrand shared, in driving home the knife. Doubly had poor Jessy's life been sacrificed to the pleasure of Lady Julia's blood.

The lady stooped down and kissed the child, not hastily; and then stooping lower, she kissed the moveless hand of its mother.

"Send for him," said the girl.

"I will fetch him," said Lady Julia, rising. "I see the likeness. But take this, my good girl;" and she tried to force her purse into the reproacher's hand.

"It is too late."

"I hope not—skilful aid; and," she added, yielding to the hopelessness plainly written on the aspect of that cheerless room—"if not for them, at least you yourself, and your—"

With a passionate burst of tears the girl dashed the clanking purse upon the ground, and then kneeling to the dying woman, whom her grief startled from the apathy of death, she cast her arms over her, and cried, "Forgive me, Jessy—my darling Jessy; I could not help it, dear; I would not bear that offered to me, here, by your bedside. Get better, dear, for he will come; and do not tell me that I killed you by my wicked thoughtlessness."

Jessy's faint lips moved with a smile that died in coming. The girl laid her head upon her friend, and gently sobbed.

"For heaven's sake try to calm her," said Lady Julia to Bertrand; "I will go to fetch him. I will bring him myself."

She left the room with a head less proudly lifted than when she entered it, but I thought her face looked far more beautiful in its downcast tears than when it was confronting the public gaze in the great portico.

Bertrand, who is a young Frenchman, bred in England, told me the whole story; but there is little more to add. We left Jessy to die alone, with the father of her dead child, who was honourably brought back to her. And some atonement has been made to Anna, her friend. I think she had the subscription meant for "Uncle Tom," many times multiplied; but that did not, truth makes me confess, rein her tongue when she found that Jessy could no longer be disturbed by the reproaches showered upon the recreant lover. I must confess, too, that he boldly did his duty in undergoing the penance; which I believe few of these demoralized young Englishmen would have had the manliness to bear, and which it relieved Anna's heart to inflict. Also, he did duty in attending as mourner when we buried Jessy. But how much better if he had thought of his penance before; how much better if those well-meaning, easy-going reformers, who set up to teach us in America how to put the world to rights at a blow, would think of the path by which their own luxuries reach their own dainty selves! How many Jessys, each following the other as she perishes, it takes to clothe one Lady Julia through all the seasons she enjoys!

The Arts.

THE EASTER PIECES.

You may have observed, that, at the great dramatic periods of Christmas and Easter, when every theatre puts forth its weakness, and loudly beats the drum, to attract the public ear, I bravely desert my post, and fly the danger of confronting so many consecutive nights. The charms of country houses, at all times alluring, become doubly alluring then. This Easter, I "screwed my courage to the sticking-place," as the Swan somewhat inappropriately says, (if he did say it,) and, declining a most agreeable visit, resolved to let Easter do its worst!

To appreciate this heroism, you must cast your eye over the announcements of Easter preparations, and ask yourself how you would relish the duty of spending a whole week with Charles Kean and the ceiling walker, with Slingsby Lawrence, in nine acts, and "sterling comedies," at the Haymarket; with bandit stories, and Webster's "Adelphi hits!" At DRURY LANE, we were threatened with a version of *La Dame aux Camélias*, but the Lord Chamberlain refused a licence to this unhealthy idealization of one of the worst evils of our social life. Paris may delight in such pictures, but London, thank God! has still enough instinctive repulsion against pruriency not to tolerate them. I declare I know of few things in the way of fiction, more utterly wrong, unwholesome, and immoral, than this *Dame aux Camélias*, which has been the success of the last ten years! How men who have within them the capacity for high and deep feelings, who think of Love as something more than a "heat and fervour of the blood," can be delighted at this hideous parody of passion, and tolerate this idealization of corruption, would be a mystery, if one did not know the strange contradictions even honest minds will allow to live side by side, and if one did not know the effects of education—education on this point profoundly and perniciously wrong. Even those who think the evil a sad necessity, must own that it is an evil, and a very sad necessity,—too sad to be treated lightly, too hideous to be poetised and made "interesting." The banal excuse that "such things are," is no justification; every Hospital has its horrible realities, which it must keep from the public eye, and which Art refuses to acknowledge as materials. I am not prudish, nor easily alarmed, by what are called "dangerous" subjects, but this subject I protest against with all my might;—a subject not only unfit to be brought before our sisters and our wives, but unfit to be brought before ourselves. The very skill with which young Dumas has treated it, makes his crime the greater, because it tends to confuse the moral sense, by exciting the sympathy of an audience. I do not place much faith in the "danger" of love stories teaching how to sin, according to Ovid,—*peccare docentes*,—but I do believe that the false education men receive, in the direction of the sexual sentiment, is pandered to by stories such as this of the consumptive courtesan and her ignoble lover; and, if any Lord Chamberlain be supine enough to licence it,—but there is no fear!

I have been getting serious, angry; let me turn to other subjects; and first of the dramatic tale in nine chapters,

A STRANGE HISTORY.

produced at the LYCEUM. Strange enough! but strangeness is not enough; and this piece, with all its unsurpassed beauty of scenery and dresses, with its "effects," with several dramatic situations, wants the first quality demanded by a work of its length—culminating interest. There are materials in abundance, but there is not a good drama in a *Strange History*; and I seize this opportunity of giving Slingsby Lawrence a bit of my mind (he won't take it; authors never do; the "envy of critics!") as regards construction. (I say nothing of his *collaborateur*, Charles Mathews; *que diable!* if I make him angry, he may print a broadside against me!)

In dramatic art—because it is dramatic and sets forth a story in action—there should be not only visible progress in the story, but that progress should culminate, and as quickly as possible. When once you have taken your place in the railway carriage, the train should stop as seldom as may be. You are impatient to arrive. Let the scenery through which you pass be varied, and your fellow-travellers pleasant, but let the train rush on. If you stop at every station, get up a quarrel with the inspector, "chaff" the young lady who hands you hot soup and impossible coffee—and by so doing delay the departure of the train from each station—the traveller, anxious to arrive, becomes impatient. Now an audience never should get impatient. Arrive at your climax, or series of incidents leading to the climax, as quickly as you can, effectively.

Now this, O Slingsby!—this, O angry Lawrence!—you have not done in a *Strange History*; and hence failure. As soon as you have excited a strong interest in *Christine*, so touchingly and admirably played by

Madame Vestris, you withdraw her from the scene during a long act and a half, introducing a new set of persons and a new story to our attention! But I want to know what has become of *Christine*. I haven't the slightest regard for that young Count in love with *Estelle*—*Christine* is the person whose fortunes I am following; and you expect me to give my breathless attention to Mr. Belton when it is Madame Vestris I want to see! Then, again, no sooner have you opened a new story—nay, two new stories—the story of *Alfred and Estelle*, and of *Jerome, Nicholas, and Nicotte*—than you bring back *Christine*, and bring in another love story, that of *Amedee and Marguerite*!

I have said enough for the critical reader. If he sees the play he will be able to appreciate the defect here indicated. He will also appreciate the exquisite beauty of Beverly's Alpine and Breton scenery. There is a sunset over the sea, which Alexander Smith, the laureat of the suns and seas,—might have seen in poetic vision; there is a rocky glen and waterfall which is, without exception, the most enchanting picture ever put upon a stage, and which excited the enthusiasm of a languid audience to the unprecedented pitch of dragging the painter on the stage to receive an ovation, before the act could be allowed to proceed. There are seven other scenes, all wonderful in their way; and as regards the "getting up" the authors have had every chance of producing a strong impression. But scenery will not suffice. One must have story, character, dialogue—three things in which this piece is unfortunate.

Nothing can be more pathetic, more domestic in its truth, than the acting of Madame Vestris in *Christine*. In the second act how terribly true her fever-wildered manner, wherein memory struggles to recover clearness, as the vanishing glimpses of hope fade away into darkness and grief! and beautiful also the forlornness of her voice and attitude as, in the fifth act, she leans against the trellis-work, looking out upon the sea, where villagers are crossing in their boats to happy homes, as the sun slowly sinks into the sea, and she alone is left homeless and childless. Charles Mathews plays a long part, with only two or three occasions for the display of his art, and those show him in a novel light. He has never, I believe, played *seriousness* before. But there was a simplicity, a manliness, and an absence of *staginess* in his representation of emotion which were very effective. It is a living comment on what I said the other day about throwing aside conventions, and representing actual emotions. Frank Mathews and his wife, in small parts, were highly amusing; and so was Roxby in the snubbed but kindly *Nicholas*. Baker, always excellent, made the most of what he had to do. Cooper and Bland—who are additions to the company—were of material service to the piece, Cooper playing the uphill part of the colonel, and Bland the small part of the corporal. Miss M. Oliver, who had taken the part of *Estelle*, at a few hours' notice, played with quiet feeling and discrimination, which deserved the applause she received. Julia St. George sang charmingly, and looked charming; but she failed in representing the comic grief of the situation in Act IV. A young *débutante*, Miss Mason, produced a pleasant impression by her singing, and her joyous laugh. As to Rosina Wright's dancing, I must look up a dictionary of epithets to describe its gaiety, grace, abandon, devilry, animal spirits, *à plomb*, and fascination!

There! That is over; now let me look in and see what is going on at

THE ADELPHI.

It is a *pièce de circonstance*, inaugurating the new management, and bringing forward the new acquisitions to the bill of fare—three "removes" in the shape of Keeley the incomparable, Leigh Murray the elegant, and Webster the versatile, (who, by the way, can not imitate Scotchmen, if his personation of *MacScrawley* is to be taken as a specimen: it was a Scotch mull! the joke is not mine.) We are in the ADELPHI greenroom. Miss Woolgar is there, Mrs. Keeley, Wigan, Paul Bedford, Madame Celeste—the whole troupe in short—and greenroom fun, and greenroom jokes, are "fast and furious." The piece doubly fulfils its purpose: it introduces the "strength of the company" to public view, and it makes the public laugh. There cannot be a doubt that Webster has got the company; how will he work it? There lies the problem.

After this introduction, we had *A Novel Expedient*, which I stayed to see, because Miss Woolgar was to play the part I recently criticised. Middle. Luther for playing without proper discrimination; and as on the same occasion I introduced a sincere tribute to Miss Woolgar's talent, displayed in another direction, I was anxious she should justify my praise. She didn't. It's unpleasant to say so, but I must say it. She fell into the same egregious blunder of farcical exaggeration which spoiled Middle. Luther's performance. She feigned love for *Damon* not as a woman who meant to be believed, but as a lively *soubrette* who is acting, and over-acting, a part. She fluttered her handkerchief, threw herself on her knees, flung out her arms, and raised her voice as if she were playing

in some terrible drama,—a sort of *bourgeoise Phédre*! All this was very funny to the stupid audience, who laughed the louder the louder she screamed; but their applause should have warned the Artist that she was not keeping to the tone of comedy, but rioting in farce. It is so easy to be farcical! so difficult to be true! And yet this charming sinner whom I now chastise (out of very love) can be true,—ay, true to the nicest shades of feeling; and in the early scenes of the *Novel Expedient* she showed it. Her quarrel with her husband, and her shy affectionate advances, followed by the abandon with which she threw herself into his arms, as he sat sulking on the sofa, were in the finest spirit of dramatic art. There I recognised the Miss Woolgar, whom a few weeks ago I singled out as an Artist capable of representing something more than outward conventionalities!

I haven't done my work yet; there is

BUCKSTONE'S ASCENT OF MOUNT PARNASSUS

to speak of, and you may believe me, that is not a perilous ascent. If there were TIME and SPACE (those abstractions dear to Metaphysicians) I would discourse to you in a strain of agreeable erudition upon the glories and the curiosities of Parnassus, the "double-crested mount." I have long wanted an opportunity of saying something about the *Viage at Parnasso* of Cervantes, with its magnificent immodesty of self laudation, [among other things, he makes Apollo say that he is the Adam of Poets!

O Adan de poetas, O Cervantes!]

but erudition, dissertation, digression, and everything else ending in *ion* must give place to "Space;" and want of Space will thus displace all the grace I might interlace for the populace! (See what it is to approach Parnassus; even its very name sets one off rhyming!)

Buckstone's *Ascent* is a not very ingenious imitation of what the French call *revues*. The new manager wants to know how he is to propitiate fortune. The various theatres give him a "taste of the quality," and not approving of any, he ascends Parnassus to court the Sisters Nine. The best—indeed the only good hit in this *pièce de circonstance* was the scene from the *Corsican Brothers*, in which Mr. Braid's imitation of Charles Kean convulsed the house; it was as true and humorous as Mr. Caulfield's imitation of Albert Smith was feeble and unlike. I cannot say that the "good old English comedy," *Sheriff of the County*, which preceded this *revue*, tended to exhilarate my spirits. The platitudes! the ignoble stupidity! the want of art, of movement, of character, of probability, one is afflicted with in these "good old comedies"! I declare I know of nothing more dreary than the fun which amused our fathers; and if Buckstone has opened the HAYMARKET with any lingering respect for those "legitimate works," I distinctly foresee the end—

I see, as from a tower, the end of all!

Of the company at this theatre I will speak another time;—Sullivan's new comedy will give me an occasion.

MARCO SPADA.

Charles Kean is certainly a liberal manager. Nothing is lost at his theatre for want of attention to the getting up, and splendour in scenery and dresses. There is more splendour than taste in his *mise en scène*, but the public eye is not fastidious. *Marco Spada* is a languid drama, badly acted, but it is put on the stage with a prodigality and an attention to "business" which will secure it a run. Had Charles Kean played the bandit, it might have given some life and effect to the piece, for there is no disputing his effectiveness in melodrama; but Mr. Ryder wants dash, *brio*, light and shade, everything, in short, to give effect to the character. Nor can I say a word in praise of Walter Lacy in the low comedy part of a cowardly captain; he was not comic, he was not gay, and his terror was not in the least like terror. Miss Heath imitates the angular gestures of Mrs. Kean with painful precision; in a debutante one might overlook this, but Miss Heath has now been long enough on the stage to hear a word of counsel.

Marco Spada has been transformed from an opera into a melodrama; but it is rare that an opera will bear such transformation; and in this case the old incidents and old situations, which might be acceptable vehicles for music, become tiresome when offered as the interest of a drama. Yet two theatres have pounced on *Marco Spada* as if it were a *bonne fortune*. The OLYMPIC version I have not seen yet; but next week I will speak of it, if need be. When I add

ROBERT HOUDIN'S PERFORMANCES

to the list of Easter entertainments, you will have before you the programme of all I might have run away from this week. Now that the week is over, I begin to think it was not so terrible after all! Robert Houdin has been at the St. JAMES'S Theatre, while the French company has been delighting the public of Liverpool. Next week the French plays re-open, and next week also you may hear something of the Opera. VIVIAN.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—The Christian religion is a gladstone religion—a gospel: and greatly must it have been misunderstood ere any of its followers could have been brought into such woe-begone plight. Truth they undoubtedly have seized, but only in part—the sour side of the peach.—From DALLAS'S *Poetics*.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, April 1, 1853.
DURING the past week—from the accident of its being Easter week and the settling of the account—there has been but very little business in merely speculative transactions on the Stock Exchange. Consols have been very firm throughout the week, and close to-day at 99½ to 100 for money, and 100 for the account. There have been some purchases in Spanish Stock; and the neglected Committee Certificates are now £9—some months ago they were to be bought for £3 and £4. All South American stocks maintain their prices—some people imagine that there must be still a considerable rise in Mexican Stock, Santa Anna, by the last accounts, seeming to

be very popular, and inclining to the Liberal party. French Railway Shares and other securities are steady; no extraordinary rise has taken place, notwithstanding the deputation of the City magistrates to the Emperor of France. Notwithstanding the formidable array of names, many independent men in the City express their disgust at the adulation, and people are found who shrewdly suspect that the leaders and originators of the address are very directly interested in certain French undertakings actually in operation, and in concessions to come, which may have had great influence on the "Merchants, traders, and others." Australian and Californian Mines have been quiet, hardly any business doing in them. The Land Companies somewhat lower. In our own Railway Shares but little business done. There will probably be little tendency to speculation in these adventures until later in the spring. The great rise of the year always takes place in the "season," and the higher Consols go, the greater the chance of a reduction in the Three-per-Cents, which will have the effect of making every other kind of investment attractive.

CORN MARKETS.

Mark Lane, Friday evening, April 1, 1853.
SEVERAL of the Black Sea and Mediterranean cargoes of Wheat have come round from the coast during the week. With this exception the supply is very moderate. Prices are firm and the trade very quiet. Prices are firmly maintained in the Baltic ports, but little business doing. The supplies of English Wheat in the country markets have been small, and prices were maintained, but foreign neglected. Barley declines in value here and in the foreign shipping ports. Oats firm.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

	(CLOSING PRICES.)			
	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.
Bank Stock	100	100	100	100
3 per Cent. Red.	100	100	100	100
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	100	100	100	100
Consols for Account	99½	99½	100	100½
3½ per Cent. An.	100	100	100	100
New 5 per Cents.	100	100	100	100
Long Ans., 1860	100	100	100	100
India Stock	100	100	100	100
Ditto Bonds, £1000	100	100	100	100
Ditto, under £1000	100	100	100	100
Rx. Bills, £1000	10 p	6 p	9 p	6 p
Ditto, £500	10 p	6 p	5 p	6 p
Ditto, Small	10 p	10 p	5 p	6 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY EVENING.)	
Austrian Bds. 5 p. Cts.	99½
Danish 3 per Cents.	51
Ecuador	51
Greek, ex over-due Coup.	9
Mexican 3 per Ct. Acct.	26½
April 15	31 pm
Peruvian Scrip.	31 pm
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	39½
Russian, 1822	118½
Sardinian Bonds	67½
Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	25
Spanish Com. Certif.	64
Coupon not funded	64
Dutch 24 per Cents.	96
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	96

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French Plays.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

First Appearance of Madlle. Page (of the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris), and Continuation of M. Lafont's Engagement.

Monday Evening, April 4th, the Entertainments will commence at Half-past Seven o'clock precisely, with (for the first time) LES PHILOSOPHES DE 20 ANS; Karl, M. E. Villot—Marianne, Madlle. Emma Fleury—Madame Kimbrot, Madlle. Thibault—Marguerite, Madlle. Marie Fédin. After which, LES EXTREMES SE TOUCHENT; Le Chevalier Julien, M. Lafont—La Comtesse Rosine, Madlle. Page. Which will be followed by the popular Vanderville of L'IMAGE; Le Baron de Kerandall, M. Lafont—Leopold, M. Julien—Pierre Mauciere, M. Lucien—Madelaine, Madlle. Page. To conclude with the favourite Comedy of LE CAPITAINE ROQUEFRETTE; Le Capitaine Roquefrette, M. Lafont—Le Baron de Villeblanche, M. Tournier—Le Chevalier de Castagnac, M. Favre—La Baronne, Madlle. St. Georges.

Madlle. MADELINE BROHAN will have the honour of making her first appearance in this country, conjointly with M. REGNIER, on Monday, May 2nd, in a new Popular Comedy, entitled CONTES DE LA REINE DE NAVARRE, par M. Legouvé.

Boxes, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. Places may be secured in the Dress Circle or Amphitheatre Stalls, without extra charge for Booking—Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock.

PROGRAMME.
PREMIERE PARTIE:—Le Soldat Intrépide—Les Cartes Animées—L'Orange Mystérieux—La Loggette de Ménéphothépes—Les Tourterelles—Le Coffre de Cristal—Le Vase ou le Génie des Boites. DEUXIEME PARTIE:—Les Boules de Cristal—Grande Brise de Tours d'Adresse—La Naissance des Fleurs—La Transposition Instantanée—La Pluie d'Or—Le Guirlande Enchantée—Surprises pour les Dames. TROISIEME PARTIE:—Le Merveilleux Bowl de Punch—Le Combat des Éléments—Le Petit Ton Enroulé.

Between the Parts of the Entertainment the Orchestra will perform "The Emperor's Polka," composed by Thomas Rolt, Esq.; the new "Catanet Waltz" (MS.) by Emily A. Walker; and a new Polka, composed expressly for these Entertainments, entitled "The Louisa Polka," composed by Mr. T. Browne. Leader, Mr. Charles Hall, of her Majesty's Theatre.

Stalls, 7s.; Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, 21s., 21 1/2s., 6d., and 2s. 6d., which may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily, from Eleven till Five o'clock.

ON SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 3rd, at Eleven o'clock, a LECTURE will be delivered at the Princess's Concert Room, Castle Street, Oxford Street, on THE SCOTCH COVENANTERS, by WILLIAM MACCALL, Author of the "Education of Taste."

Admittance, Sixpence.

HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS, sent free by post, contains designs and prices of upwards of ONE HUNDRED different Bedsteads, in Iron, Brass, japanned Wood, polished Birch, Mahogany, Rosewood, and Walnut-tree Woods; also their Priced List of Bedding. Their new Warehouses enable them to keep one of each design fixed for inspection. They have also, in addition to their usual Stock, a great variety of the best designs of PARISIAN BEDSTEADS, both in Wood and Iron, which they have just imported.

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MALTA and CONSTANTINOPLE.—On the 27th of every month from Southampton.

SPAIN and PORTUGAL.—For Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadix, and Gibraltar, from Southampton, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month.

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WILLIAM PURDY, Manager.

London, April, 1853.

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March 31st, 1853.

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£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
10	0 0 7	0 0 11	0 1 3	0 1 6
12	0 0 9	0 0 11	0 1 3	0 1 7
15	0 0 8	0 1 0	0 1 4	0 1 8
18	0 0 9	0 1 0	0 1 5	0 1 9
20	0 0 9	0 1 1	0 1 6	0 1 10
22	0 0 10	0 1 2	0 1 7	0 1 11
25	0 0 10	0 1 3	0 1 8	0 2 1
26	0 0 10	0 1 4	0 1 9	0 2 2
28	0 0 11	0 1 4	0 1 10	0 2 3
30	0 1 0	0 1 5	0 1 11	0 2 5
32	0 1 0	0 1 6	0 2 0	0 2 6
35	0 1 1	0 1 8	0 2 2	0 2 9
37	0 1 2	0 1 9	0 2 4	0 2 11
40	0 1 3	0 1 11	0 2 6	0 3 2
42	0 1 4	0 2 0	0 2 8	0 3 4
45	0 1 6	0 2 3	0 3 1	0 3 8
48	0 1 8	0 2 5	0 3 3	0 3 10
48	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 3	0 4 1
50	0 1 9	0 2 7	0 3 6	0 4 4

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G. MANNERS COODE, Secretary.

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INDIAN REFORM SOCIETY.—Persons desirous of assisting the cause of Indian Reform are informed that they may become members of this Society, on payment of a subscription of One Guinea, which will entitle them to receive a copy of the Publications to be issued by the Society.

JOHN DICKINSON, JUN., Hon. Sec.

Committee Rooms, 12, Haymarket, March 26, 1853.

THE TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE for collecting tributes from the friends of Free Thought, to constitute a Presentation to Mr. G. JACOB HOLYOAKE, announce that List-papers are ready for delivery on application, addressed to the Secretary of the Testimonial Committee, 23, John Street, Fitzroy Square, London. The communications received by the Committee have, in variety and cordiality, exceeded their anticipation; and they have fixed on the Whitsun week in which to hold the public Presentation, so that provincial friends visiting London may have an opportunity of being present.

All List-papers to be returned not later than the 30th of APRIL instant.

Mr. JAMES WATSON, Treasurer.
Mr. YOUNG, Chairman.
Mr. FURLEY, Secretary.

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